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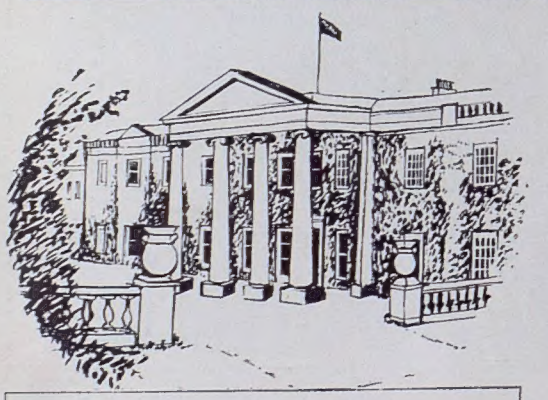
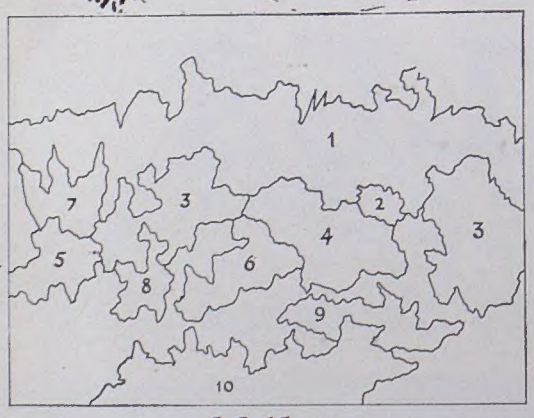
Visit Mount Stewart with Shell

photographed in September by Percy Hennell





Mount Stewart, County Down

A greenhouse collection out of doors—so one might describe Mount Stewart in Ulster, one of the British gardens blessed with a Mediterranean climate, where trees have grown to forest size in a bare 40 years. It is high air humidity, not heavy rainfall, coupled with freedom from frost and an average temperature of over 50° F., that makes fuchsias and heathers grow to trees, and allows plants like eucalyptus, 'mimosa,' palms, bottlebrushes, and a host of other exotics to thrive. Together with the cream of temperate garden plants, they make this a collection with few equals on lime-free soil, grouped in a mixture of wildness and formality by lake and lough-side.

The late-summer bed shown here, however, could be in any British garden, for there are strains of the African Corn Lily, *Agapanthus orientalis* (1), and its white form *albus* (2), which can stand our coldest spells outside. Hydrangeas, too, are within anyone's capacity. Most of us know the 'mop head' or *hortensis* forms, like Générale Vicomtesse de Vibraye (3), and Mme. E. Mouillère (4), but not so well the 'lace caps,' like *H. macrophylla veitchii* (5), in which showy sterile florets ring the tiny fertile flowers. When the lace caps are coloured, like *H. m. lilacina* (6), they often change colour as they age. This planting is enhanced by the gladioli Snow Princess (7) and Firmament (8), the annual *Salvia horminum* called Blue Beard (9), in which the colour comes from leaves around the flowers, and brilliant blue *Salvia patens* (10), a plant with fleshy roots to be treated like a dahlia in hard climates.

Mount Stewart Gardens, owned by the National Trust, lie on the east shore of Strangford Lough, 5 miles east of Newtownards, on the Belfast-Portaferry road, A 20. They are open on Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays and Bank Holiday Mondays between 1 April and 30 September from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m.

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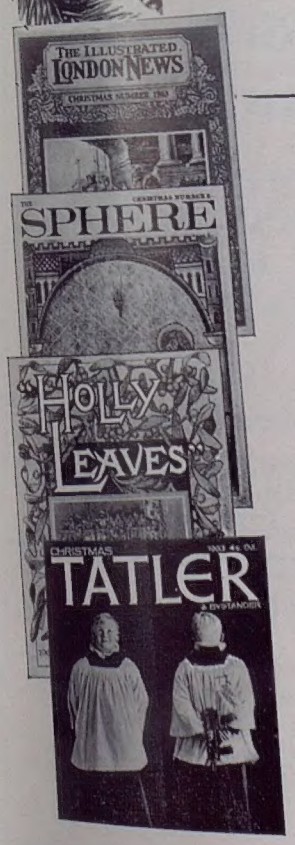

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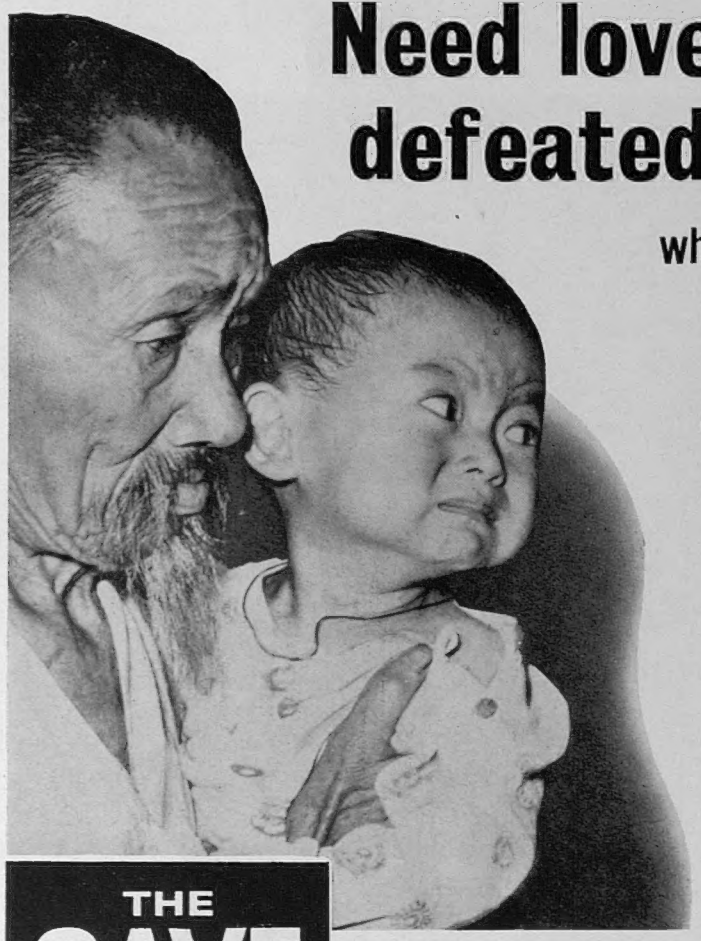

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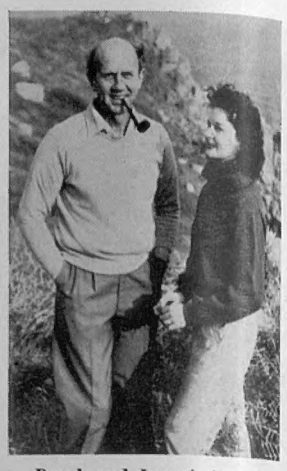

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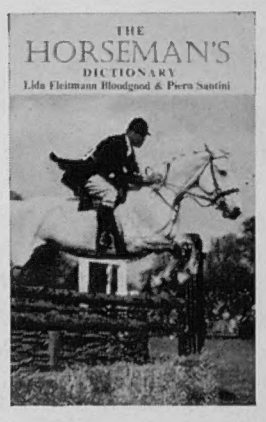

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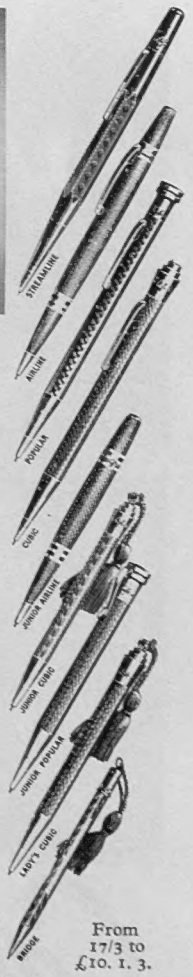

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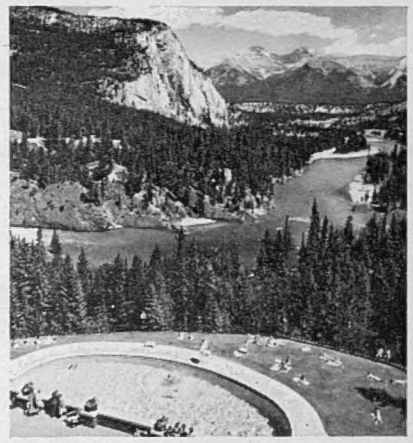

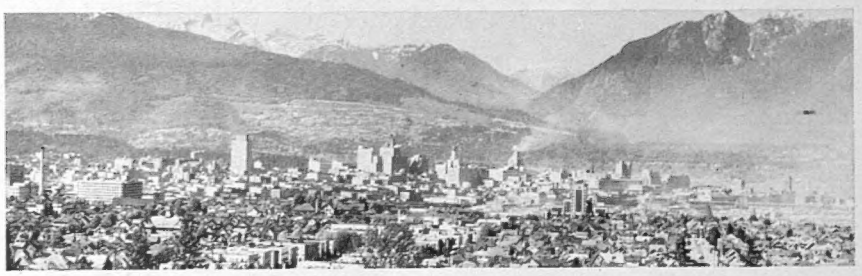

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Volume CCLV No. 3309 LONDON, November 2, 1963

THE SPHERE

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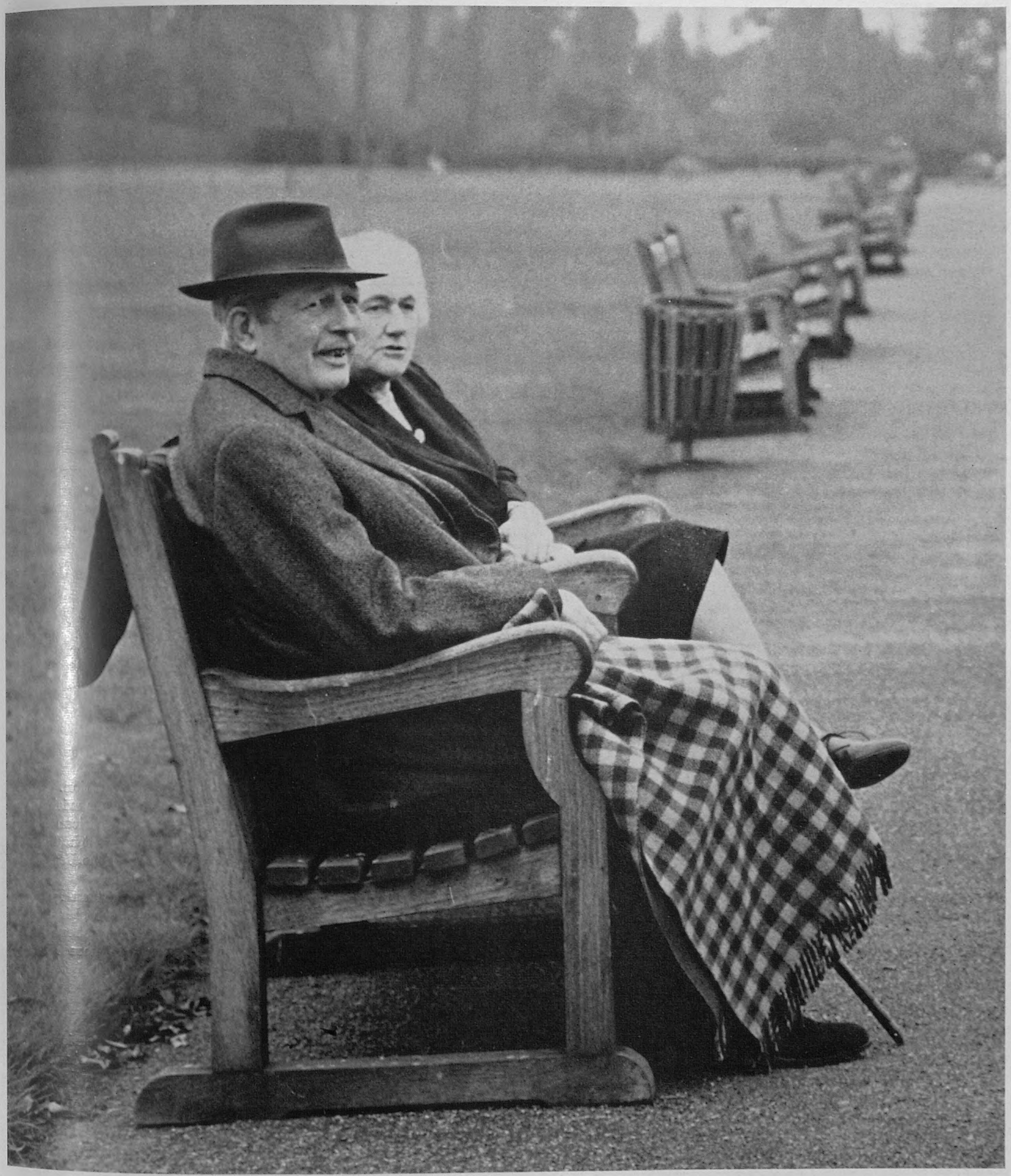


Mr Macmillan and his wife sit on a bench in Regent's Park, London, during the ex-Premier's first outing since his operation. Lady Dorothy said later he had thoroughly enjoyed it. Mr Macmillan first came into prominence 21 years ago as Minister to Allied H.Q., North Africa. (Alamein anniversary, page 180.)

ON A PARK BENCH

NEWS SUMMARY

No Comrade - in - the - Moon; far - reaching education proposals in Britain

174 **INTERNATIONAL**

The Soviet decision to withdraw, at any rate temporarily, from the race to put a man on the moon was thought in some circles early this week to have been due to economic and scientific reasons. The enormous cost and lack of knowledge regarding radiation dangers may have been decisive factors. Another opinion was that Mr Khrushchev was indirectly rebuffing the offer made by President Kennedy for US-Soviet joint exploration of the moon. A third view was that the withdrawal from the race was Russia's first tentative step towards accepting collaboration. What was clear was that as the only runner left in the field, America would almost certainly have to revise its vastly expensive lunar plans.

Mr Butler made his bow as Britain's Foreign Secretary on the international stage at the Western European Union conference in The Hague last week. The WEU consists of the UK and the six Common Market countries. It was the first of a series of meetings to be held every three months to take stock of the political and economic climate of Europe. (See also John Connell, p. 177.)

GREAT BRITAIN

Following on the heels of the Newsom Report on the education of those in the 13-16 age bracket of average or less than average ability came last week the report on full-time higher education from the committee under the chairmanship of Lord Robbins. Its recommendations included doubling the number of students undergoing higher education from the present figure of 216,000 to 560,000 by 1980-81; the expansion of existing universities; the establishment at once of six new universities; the grant of university status to colleges of Advanced Technology; and the creation of a special Ministry of Arts and Science to be responsible for higher education. The Government immediately accepted the general tenor of the Robbins Report.

In the debate on October 24 the reassembly of Parliament was postponed until November 12, in spite of strong protests from the two Opposition parties. The postponement should allow the new Prime Minister to be present in person. Meanwhile, main domestic political attention moved from Westminster to two very differing constituencies, both of which are to declare by-election results on November 7. Nominations for both closed last Monday. It was in the rural and widespread Scottish constituency of Kinross and West Perthshire that Sir Alec Douglas-Home opened his campaign to return to the Commons. Five other candidates were nominated—Labour, Liberal, Scottish Nationalist, and two independents. On Monday morning there was talk of a sixth candidate emerging. The Conservative majority at the 1959 election was 12,248. In compact, urban Luton, the polling has been caused by the elevation to the peerage of Dr Charles Hill. There are four candidates, Conservative, Labour, Liberal and Communist. Dr Hill, who stood as a Liberal and Conservative, had held the seat since 1950. His majority in 1959 was 5,019.

Mr Macmillan left hospital in London last Sunday. He is expected to spend most of his period of convalescence at his home in Sussex.

Sir Alec Douglas-Home tilts back his chair at a by-election meeting in Perth. With him is Lady Douglas-Home

AFRICA

While fighting continued along the border between Algeria and Morocco four African Heads of State were due to meet last Tuesday in Bamako, capital of the Mali Republic, to discuss how the conflict might be stopped. The conference was being attended by President Ben Bella, of Algeria; King Hassan, of Morocco; The Emperor Haile Selassie, of Ethiopia; and President Modibo Keita, of Mali. Last weekend the US Ambassador in Algiers is understood to have told Mr Ben Bella of American concern over the possible internationalisation of the conflict. Shipments of Soviet arms and Egyptian troops to Algeria had been reported. (Algiers picture p. 176.)

Mr Ian Smith, the Finance Minister of Southern Rhodesia, was in London at the beginning of the week to meet Mr Duncan Sandys, Commonwealth and Colonial Secretary, who took over responsibility for Central African Affairs from Mr Butler in the new British cabinet. Mr Smith was expected to renew his government's efforts to achieve independence for Southern Rhodesia without any radical revision of the country's constitution. He was also to discuss financial problems arising from the winding-up of the Central African Federation, now in progress. Agreement had already been reached on the future of the Federal Air Force and of the Kariba Dam.

In Lusaka, capital of Northern Rhodesia, the Minister of Local Government, Mr Kenneth Kaunda, has repeated that should independence be granted to Southern Rhodesia under the present regime, trade between the two Rhodesias would be halted.

BRITISH GUIANA

The leaders of the three main political parties have asked for Mr Duncan Sandys' arbitration in resolving the colony's constitutional deadlock. The Minister has begun consultations for redrafting the constitution so that British Guiana can enjoy a stable independence.

SOUTH VIETNAM

Another suicide by burning occurred in Saigon last Saturday when a Bhuddist monk set himself on fire near the Roman Catholic cathedral. This was the seventh such suicide since the dispute began last May between the Bhuddists and the regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem.

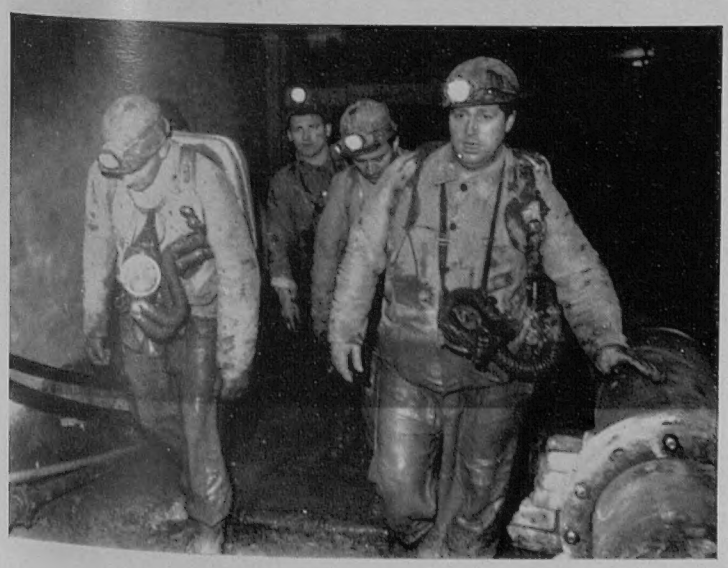
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

US presence in Germany

Dean Rusk (left), the American Secretary of State, and the new German Chancellor, Dr Erhard, meet for discussions in Bonn before the inauguration of a memorial in Frankfurt to General Marshall, author of the post-war Marshall Plan for Europe. At the ceremony, Mr Rusk warned that no détente had yet been reached with Russia. He denied that American troops were to be withdrawn from Europe. "Your defence," he said, "is our defence"

US troops in Big Lift

A contingent in combat readiness of the 2nd Armoured Division ("Hell on Wheels") arrives at the Rhine-Main airfield near Frankfurt after its flight from Fort Hood in Texas. The unit was part of 14,500 men flown by 116 aircraft of Tactical Air Command to battle stations throughout southern Germany well within scheduled time, 59 hours 16 minutes. Operation Big Lift was a carefully planned demonstration of US striking power in Europe



Mine disaster in West Germany

Rescue workers leave the iron ore pit at Lengede-Broistedt in Western Germany. Hope for 39 men in the flooded mine was already lost: the fight to save three others was continuing

Tito with U Thant

The United Nations Secretary-General, U Thant, greets President Tito of Yugoslavia on his arrival at the U.N. Building. The President was expected to address the U.N. General Assembly

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Wreckage of the BAC One-Eleven

Fire engines stand near the wreckage of the test model of the British Aircraft Corporation's new One-Eleven jet-airliner. It crashed in a field near Chicklade, Wiltshire, last week. The deputy chief test pilot of Vickers-Armstrongs, Lt.-Commander M. J. Lithgow, with six other members of the crew were killed

Arbiter in border dispute

The Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia is seen with President Ben Bella in Algiers. He had come to mediate between Algeria and Morocco. Earlier he had talked in Rabat with King Hassan of Morocco, who is due to meet the President in Libya

Army Week in Brisbane

Australian soldiers with anti-tank guns in the Army Week Parade held recently in Brisbane. In all, some 1,000 troops in full battle order took part in the display. The parade was planned to show the public the composition of field units

JOHN CONNELL

MR BUTLER—FOREIGN SECRETARY

Mr R. A. Butler in his room at the Foreign Office with Press photographers

At the age of 35, rising 36, Mr Richard Austen Butler, who possesses the considerable distinction of a Double First in the Cambridge Modern Language Tripos (on the other side of the Atlantic he could be described as having majored in French), went for the first time to the Foreign Office. He was rightly regarded by Neville Chamberlain as one of the most promising of the younger Ministers. He succeeded Lord Cranborne, now Lord Salisbury, who resigned with Mr Eden, now Lord Avon.

Mr Butler remained in the Foreign Office until Churchill promoted him in 1941 to be the first Minister of Education. He was there at the time of Munich, at the outbreak of war, and when Churchill succeeded Chamberlain. Mr Butler is not the kind of man who resigns. His interest in international affairs has been continuous and percipient, and his knowledge is far-ranging and up-to-date. Like the Prime Minister, who was PPS to Chamberlain at the time of Munich, he has been described as a supporter of appeasement. There is some weight in this accusation, but those who make it most vehemently are the least qualified to do so—on the showing of their own records.

We have now moved into an era whose diplomatic and politico-strategic issues are almost infinitely remote from those which were considered of importance 22 years ago, when Mr Butler quitted his last Foreign Office appointment. Is it of any conceivable relevance today, in 1963, that he loyally supported Lord Halifax and Neville Chamberlain? He has matured profoundly in 12 years of high office and great responsibility. The Foreign Secretaryship, other than the post of Prime Minister, twice denied him when it seemed within his grasp, is the only great Cabinet office he has not held; it is no secret that he wanted it in 1957.

In the years immediately after Suez it was necessary for the Foreign Secretary to soldier on, loyally and steadfastly, while Mr Macmillan —with Mr Butler's active assistance—trimmed the sails and shifted course under the buffetings of the wind of change. This Mr Selwyn Lloyd did with an unselfconscious courage and devotion to duty of which his successor, as Foreign Secretary, was well aware, and which is now rewarded. But all the time—under Sir Winston, under Lord Avon, under Mr Macmillan, as Chancellor, as Home Secretary, as Deputy Prime Minister and First Secretary of State—Mr Butler kept a discerning eye on foreign affairs; and now it is possible that the moment of his most painful defeat may prove, in the end, to have been the opportunity for his greatest achievement.

The present climate of international relations excellently suits his talents, his outlooks, and his particular brand of political expertise. He is a superbly skilful negotiator, whose capacity to manipulate verbal formulae is dazzling. He has been greatly praised for his handling of the matter of liquidating the Central African Federation. These are plaudits in which I cannot join, for I cling stubbornly to one great principle in public affairs; that which is inevitable is not necessarily right. But granted that the destruction of the Federation was inevitable, nobody could have performed the deed more elegantly or more deftly than Mr Butler. He has always reminded me of the leading undertaker in Edinburgh in my boyhood (we were very funeral-conscious in my family), who had just the same detached, slightly mournful, deeply respectful and overwhelmingly respectable appearance and manner. There is the cool, subdued glitter in the eye, and the purr of big, black, old-fashioned Daimlers in the voice.

Most undertakers, however, are also carpenters and joiners, and it is a whole array of tasks in political and diplomatic joinery which confronts Mr Butler. He himself cherishes no illusions; he said last week that his appointment "is going to impose on me burdens greater than I have ever borne before."

This is true, although we are now in the epoch of the nuclear test-ban treaty, of relaxation of international tension, and of expanding trade. That exactly a year ago the shock-waves of the Cuban crisis were still rippling out across the world is a measure of the transformation that has been effected in international relations. Mr Butler now has to deal with a situation in which the senior partner in the Western Alliance is constantly exploring new methods of getting on better and better terms with the Soviet Union; this détente, linked to the deepening and more frequently publicised differences between Russia and China, is the dominant fact in the world today. Berlin is of pinprick size compared with what it once was, but it still continues to fester. European affairs anyway always have to be considered now in relation to the global strategic pattern. Our—British—relationship with the Six is still of great importance to us; but I doubt if my most pertinacious pen-pal in Minneapolis devotes much of his attention to it, in the course of his daily scrutiny of world affairs. Since Dr Adenauer's departure, Dr Erhard has made clear the worth he attaches to Britain's ties with his country and with the Six; and am I wrong to hint at a possible, slight thaw in General de Gaulle's cold disapproval?

The Arab world simmers, as it has simmered for 40 years and more. Our oil needs compel us to maintain our interest in this unpleasing stewpot; but let us hope that Mr Butler's Foreign Office advisers explain to him—and he himself, after all, has no mean understanding of the uses of equivocation—that the splendid-sounding words 'Arab Unity' can be construed in a number of different ways. Has not that veteran on the international scene, Haile Selassie, who was prominent when Mr Butler was an Under-Secretary, discovered that it is easier to talk about an Algerian-Moroccan truce than to establish one?

Mr Butler's major problems will lie chiefly in southern Asia, and only in a slightly smaller degree in Africa. Indonesian imperialism, temporarily baffled, is bound to surge up again. Malaysia is a major commitment for us, just as South Vietnam is a major commitment for the Americans. And we and our allies have still not got our Far Eastern policies into alignment; the British view is that Communist China should be admitted to the United Nations: the Americans still insist that this is neither right nor expedient. Can we ever reconcile this serious difference?

In Africa there is the Congolese mess and misery, with another desperate injection of U.N. funds from a gravely diminished exchequer; and there is the sustained Afro-Asian assault, by every modern technique of political warfare on Angola, Mozambique and the Republic of South Africa. On these issues Sir Alec Douglas-Home, as Foreign Secretary, displayed refreshing originality of thinking; it will be his policies which, quite clearly, Mr Butler will have to pursue. Over Southern Rhodesia we ourselves are under heavy attack at the United Nations and our resistance —at Sir Alec's personal insistence, I believe—has been tenacious. Here again the line of policy is laid down for the new Foreign Secretary.

21 YEARS AFTER

By P. B. Smythe, *who at El Alamein was Signals Officer of the 25th Battalion, 2nd New Zealand Division, and who recently came to London as Press Officer at New Zealand House*

178 For a few relaxed hours in a smoke-hazed Albert Hall last Friday evening 5,000 veterans of the 8th Army, the Navy and the Desert Air Force, many with their wives and friends, some with their families, celebrated the 21st anniversary of their greatest desert victory, the battle of El Alamein.

There in the Royal Box with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and the guest of honour, the Earl of Avon, was Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery, the 8th Army's "illustrious commander," as Sir Winston Churchill described him in a special message to the gathering.

To these three guests, to Lieut.-General Sir Oliver Leese, who was responsible for organising the reunion, and to all those Services leaders and units from within and outside the Commonwealth on whom the spotlight fell that evening, went a spontaneous and uninhibited demonstration of affection and loyalty. This set-piece celebration was so smoothly organised and so skilfully put into operation, even down to the bootful of "genuine Egyptian sand," that it seemed to typify the atmosphere of the confidently rehearsed El Alamein battle itself. As it did in those fateful hours of October 23, 1942, the spirit of purposefulness and invincibility caught not only my imagination but that of many a now greying or balding campaigner.

It was Monty himself, as spry as ever and in his inimitable clipped phrases, who threw out a challenge to all of us "older 'uns" in what he called a new order of the day. We should, he declared, bring home to the youth of the nation—and I am sure he meant of the Commonwealth too—how important it is to take pride in Britain's achievements and how important it is for today's youth to be aware of its own vital role in Britain's present and future. Many young people today, said Monty, thought that in the late war we had fought for peace. But it was not for peace, in which, of itself, he saw no merit, but for freedom and justice that we had fought.

Then Monty went on to call, in authoritative tones which reminded me of a somewhat similar occasion in the big opera house in Tripoli, for the practice of what he termed the "philosophy of the tow-rope" and of the old comradeship of the desert with the spirit of the helping hand willingly given.

He urged his former soldiers to resist those influences seeking to weaken the links between Britain and the Commonwealth, especially with Australia, New Zealand and Canada. And I was in agreement when he added: "Those things which unite us are far more important than those which divide us."

In the friendly surroundings of the Albert Hall I found reassuring proofs of the truths in Monty's statement. There was the standing ovation for the Queen Mother as Monty accompanied her to the stage, and the appreciative silence as she said: "I do feel so very much at home in your midst because the Desert Army had such a special place in the affections of my husband." "It is my prayer," she added, "that in the days of peace the ideals of unity and service which were born in the desert will be kept alive and passed on to those who come after you."

I found further proof, too, in the vigour and sincerity of the acclamation which followed Monty's remarks and in the full-blooded partisanship when the standards of the Army formations were borne in—the silver fern of the New Zealand Division, I am proud to say, following those of the 8th Army and the Desert Air Force.

There was cause for pride, too, when, earlier, applause greeted General Leese's announcement that New Zealand's representation that evening was headed by Lady Freyberg and by Sir Thomas Macdonald, the New Zealand High Commissioner, himself a desert soldier. These, I believe, were typical reactions because, as the reunion secretary, Eric Caswell, so ably said in his script, each of us has his personal desert memories, his own way of remembering absent comrades. For each of us the film excerpts of battle scenes, the army life skits and the entertainers brought back a flood of half-lost memories.

The BBC news bulletins, the ITMA jokes, the favourite tunes by the band of the Irish Guards, Marlene Dietrich's nostalgic "Lili Marlene," Bud Flanagan's "Underneath the Arches," Vera Lynn's heart-touching "We'll meet again," the NAAFI-like scramble at the bars, and the personal reunions—all these and the memories they evoke serve to strengthen that "comradeship of the desert tow-rope."

Monty is right in this, I am sure, and while it is true that most of us there on Friday are not so young now, neither are we too old to heed his new order of the day.

Top right: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother arrives at the Royal Albert Hall in London for the 21st El Alamein Reunion. Behind her is Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery
Top far right: The Field-Marshal is applauded by ex-soldiers of the 8th Army, their relatives and friends as he makes his way to the platform to speak
Above left: Vera Lynn, the "Forces' Sweetheart," brings back nostalgic memories by singing some of the wartime songs for which she was famous
Above right: Bud Flanagan recalls the performances of the Crazy Gang
Right: Marlene Dietrich, after singing the best known of all World War II songs—"Lili Marlene." The 8th Army introduced it among the British troops
Far right: In lighter moments the veterans and others enjoy the floor show. (See overleaf for "The Battle and the Fallen" and pp 188-90 "In Libya Today")

THE BATTLE AND THE FALLEN

From The Sphere of November 7, 1942. The attack begins at Alamein with a barrage from British guns

The battle of Alamein ended in the complete rout of Rommel and his Afrika Korps. On a site in the battlefield are now a War Cemetery and a Memorial. The Cemetery contains the known graves of some 7,300 Commonwealth soldiers and airmen. The Memorial, opened by Lord Montgomery in 1954, commemorates by name 11,900 servicemen who have no known grave. It takes the form of a cloister. In the floor inside the central archway are set in bronze letters these words: "To the glory of God and to the undying memory of the Eighth Army, 23rd October-4th November 1942"

From the turret of his tank General Montgomery watches his Eighth Army pursuing the Afrika Korps

Above: Australian troops advancing on the Germans
Right: A company HQ in a dried well in the desert

Above: A view of the inside of the Alamein Memorial
Top: The unveiling ceremony at the memorial in 1954
Left: The War Cemetery has the known graves of 7,300 men

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

13-15 John Adam Street, London, WC2

182 **Home, sweet home**

October 18, 1963, will be remembered in English history. On that day the Premier stakes was run and won. Irreverently labelled by some "the rat-race," it was a triumph for some tipsters—the favourite was beat and Home—now Sir Alec—was home (be it never so humble). To me it was a mighty surprise, and the chief comfort was relief that the rat-race was brought to an end. It has done great harm to the Tory cause at a critical time and to the reputations of Tory statesmen. Mr Macmillan, a Marlborough on his sickbed, rode in the whirlwind and directed the storm. In Lord Home were concentrated all his well-known and best-loved 'loyalties.' A risky decision? We must remember that only three years ago the choice of a Foreign Secretary known only as 'a good country-house cricketer,' caused painful surprise. In a few months, no one remembered that surprise; and in a few days from now a new Tory administration will face Parliament as if it had been in office for years. *Experientia docet.* Self-preservation has rallied the colleagues and closed the ranks. All 'sensations' are ephemeral. We were justified in heaving a sigh of relief at the news that the Stately Home had resolved its domestic staff difficulties. An admirable Butler, with wide experience of service in the best houses, will lend dignity and ensure efficiency on the lower floor, while recent publicity has made clear that there are plenty of recruits for house-maiding and cooking the accounts. So, its Home, Sweet Home, until the public loses interest in this particular Show Place, which has outdone Woburn in self-advertisement. But politics are a beastly business when men are more important than measures, as poor Mr Butler (the noblest Roman of them all) must acknowledge.

The stud book

At the back of their minds, we may be sure, each aspirant for the Premiership, and his supporters, kept alive the over-riding need to keep the Socialists out. At the front of their minds was the conviction that only this candidate or that could work the miracle. We give them that credit—all honourable men! (I was a little shocked at the suggestion that the choice fell on Home because he had no axe to grind!) If the result of the deplorable dog-fight resulted in a recourse to Victorian notions and methods to meet the challenge of the times, perhaps it may prove no more desperate a remedy than any other. Among all those foolish pronouncements confidently made in 'Government Circles' and by 'students of politics' on the eve of the big race, I record one. It was confidently said that the stud book would have to be revised. The foals of that famous sire—*Hereditary Peerage*—have not the qualities required to win the Premier stakes. "A peer cannot become a Premier; a man who renounces his peerage is ruled out, too." Lord Hailsham disregarded this warning. He could not believe that 'succession' rules out success and that 'once a peer for ever an also-ran' was the new rule. How right he was; and how wrong for another reason! Where stands the House of Lords today, for so many years the object of jibes and quips? Have recent events at last clinched the absurdities of the hereditary system or given it another lease of life? Perhaps in his wisdom the renounced Earl will be less enthusiastically bent on creating new hereditary titles than was the crofter's grandson.

Advertisement or intrusion?

For better or for worse, the question of the Tory Party leadership is settled and out of the way. It is certainly better that the dog-fight is over. I found that its most distressing feature was the advertising by the BBC of the protagonists, and the chief surprise that two of them were quite prepared to co-operate in their elaborate build-ups. Mr Quintin Hogg preferred to do the business for himself (and must regret it), but both Mr Butler and Lord Home accepted the BBC services with no sign of discomfort. Their families were called in to help. We saw them garnering their sheaves, from the nursery to the present day, in moments serious and trivial. The odd thing is that when these 'build-ups' are arranged for humbler folk—caught up in criminal proceedings or otherwise in the news temporarily—we sometimes condemn them as intrusions into private life. But grave Tory statesmen nowadays seem to accept them as more profitable than intrusive, and gladly lend the family albums and archives to complete the picture. Labour leaders, I suppose, offer less picturesque subjects for build-ups. Their earlier years are less colourful; fewer scholastic triumphs at universities, fewer opportunities for close-ups on the Moors, the stubbles and the cricket field, humbler interiors and furnishings. 'Victorians' still alive must revise their views on these matters, and sections of the Press which have been mildly condemned for intrusion into private life, can take comfort. The uses of advertisement have been acknowledged in high places; but (as *The Times* has recently commented in a 'leader') willing VIP victims of personal propaganda have not always obtained its fullest value from the BBC's team of ruthless needlers and grillers. Some of them have found themselves more like criminals in the dock than worthies on pedestals. Mr Butler and Lord Home were favoured—while the fun lasted.

Tough at the top

Lord Attlee, in an article contributed to the *L.S.E. Magazine*, explained why so many sensible men have been jostling for the office of Prime Minister. The Premiership, he wrote, is a "piece of cake" compared with that of the Leader of the Opposition. A Premier's hours are comparatively short (9 a.m. to midnight) and only an eight-hour day at weekends. He has all the help in the world from his secretaries and from the Cabinet secretariat, and all he needs to do is *not* to interfere in the jobs of his colleagues, not to worry over non-essentials and never to sacrifice sleep. But to lead an opposition is a really tough assignment, much more a one-man job and that explains why no statesman is anxious to hold it for long. His lot is extremely hard, whom "we only suffer to ride on a buffer in Parliamentary trains." Another job which sensible men are quite prepared to take on is that of managing director of a business—and that fact is harder to explain than the desire to be Premier. It was comfortable enough in the 19th century—indoor and outdoor servants galore, and all the time in the world to relax in gracious living after office hours. But today his wife is lucky if she has one daily help and he, after office hours, is compelled to dig the potatoes and help with the rough indoors. His only consolations are a washing machine and a Bentley. Why, then, does he take on the job, with all the miseries attendant on sudden strikes and shop-floor discontents? The answer is heartening: he positively enjoys battling with difficulties at home and in the office. Expense accounts and such trivial perquisites don't enter into his calculations. If his wife suffers, he at least enjoys himself "battling with difficulties." But no sane man would apply for a spell of leading an opposition, except as a means to a comfortable end.

Compensation to victims

The Home Secretary has promised compensation for victims of violent crime. Most of us would prefer a promise of swift retribution for its perpetrators, since a succession of Home Secretaries has totally failed to stem the rise in violent and successful crime. Compensation for the victims is, of course, a total confession of failure on its face. Whether a formula of compensation can be devised

Marching past the Mansion House in the City of London are the Royal Dragoons. The salute is taken by Sir Ralph Perring, Lord Mayor of London

Left: In Snowdonia, North Wales, the British Biathlon and Olympic Ski teams are training for the Winter Olympics to be held in January in Innsbruck before going on to the Val d'Isère in France for the next stage in their training. On the right is the team's captain, Capt. John Moore

Above: At Thistleton, Rutland, excavations reveal a rectangular temple of the 4th-century AD and an earlier circular temple on the same site. The excavations have been carried out under the direction of Mr E. Greenfield of St. Mawgan, Cornwall, for the Ministry of Public Building and Works

FOR FRIENDS OR RELATIVES OVERSEAS

The 1963 *Christmas Number of* The Sphere *with many pages in colour, will be published on November* 8. *It is not too early to order NOW for your friends overseas to make sure that they get their copy in time for Christmas. An attractive greetings card is included with every Christmas Number dispatched on your behalf. Order now from your usual newsagent or direct from The Publisher,* The Sphere, *at* 13-15, *John Adam Street, London, W.C.*2. *The price, including postage, is* 5*s* 10*d.*

both to make good material losses and to restore broken bodies and nervous systems, I do not know. A parcel of bank notes comes in handy for a victim, but in some cases, to earn the title of compensation, it must be large enough to replace lost treasure and to pay for perhaps prolonged medical or psychoanalytical treatment outside the scope of the NHS. I could imagine the type of victim who might receive modest compensation in the manner of a disgruntled taxi-driver in receipt of his bare fare: "'Ere, wot's this?" There is, too, a suggestion of a vicious circle in the plan of compensating victims of violence. It would not do to encourage an auction between perpetrators and victims, both raising their hands to diddle more out of the taxpayer—"the bigger the job, the higher the compensation." The first awards will be interesting test cases. Government concessions inevitably start modestly. Blood is drawn out of a stone only by vigorous public bashing. A confession of failure made necessary by the extent of a failure.

Spoke too soon

Perhaps I spoke last week too optimistically (or too soon) of the probability of uncommitted voters getting down seriously to examining the differences between the Socialist and Tory electoral programmes designed to make Britain up to date and prosperous. I suggested that they must soon make up their minds exactly how much individual freedom of choice and personal initiative they are prepared to sacrifice for financial security from the cradle to the grave and a spoon-fed level of mediocrity. This grave decision the electorate can only make by careful study of the prospectuses put out by the leading Statesmen, and the speeches made at the Party Conferences were specially prepared to that end, and, since the time is short, they deserved careful study. I was shocked, therefore, to learn that as many as 570 complaints were received by the BBC when it interrupted its Grandstand programme to enable listeners to hear Mr Butler's vital wind-up speech at Blackpool. As a result of that interruption, the complainants had missed the 2.30 at Kempton Park!

The Old Stager

THROUGH POSSESSION TO ETERNITY

184 In both plays the curtain falls on a stage littered with corpses: the conclusion that follows the collision of obsessed mentalities. In *Hamlet*, uncut and heavily starred, no new twists are given to the sequences that lead to the final reckoning, other than a tentative effort to suggest an Oedipus complex in the Danish prince and a programme note linking him with Jimmy Porter and the angry young men. In *The Possessed*, we see for the first time in the English translation by David Magarshack the masterly dramatisation by Albert Camus of Dostoevsky's gruelling but gripping novel. All Dostoevsky's insight into the unseen aspects of human character that motivate action is incorporated without loss within the context of a political melodrama. The production at the Mermaid Theatre is the British premiere; the play has already been seen in France; it was being performed at Tourcoing near Lille in January, 1960 when Camus was killed in a motor accident.

Hamlet has been chosen as the first play to be performed at the British National Theatre, opening its doors 165 years after the original idea for its establishment, not in the building where it will eventually be housed, perhaps in 1967, but in a remodelled Old Vic. Sir Laurence Olivier, the theatre's director, produces the play with ingeniously neolithic sets by Sean Kenny, and a princely, blue-eyed Peter O'Toole of great presence in the title role.

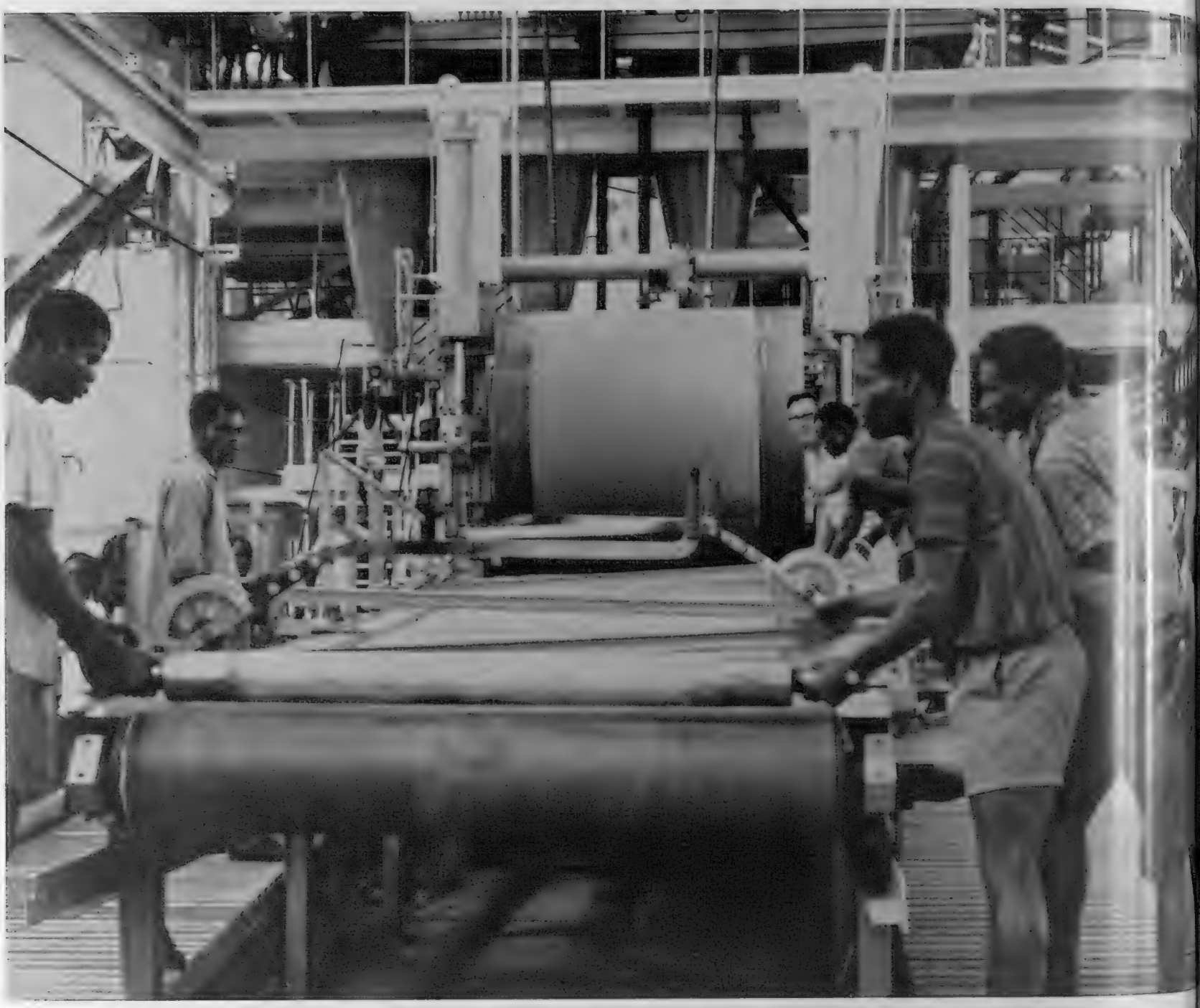
Above: In *Hamlet*, Derek Jacobi as Laertes, Diana Wynyard as the Queen
Above right: Peter O'Toole in the title role, and Rosemary Harris as Ophelia
Right: Max Adrian takes the part of Polonius (left), Michael Redgrave that of King Claudius
Photographs by Angus McBean

Above: In *The Possessed* at the Mermaid Theatre, from left to right: Barrie Ingham (as Nicholas Stavrogin); Sheila Shand Gibbs (Maria Timofeyevna Lebyatkin); Joseph O'Conor (Stepan Trofimovitch Verkhovensky); Michael Aldridge (Anton Grigoriev); Kenneth Griffith (Pjotr Stepanovitch Verkhovensky); Georgina Ward (Lisa Druzdova); and Paul Carson (Maurice Nicolaevitch)
Left: Joss Ackland as Alexey Kirilov
Far left: Sonia Dresdel (as Varvara Stavrogin) and Joseph O'Conor

Photographs by John Massey-Stewart

The items in " The Voice of the Commonwealth " are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of " The Sphere "

THE VOICE OF THE COMMONWEALTH



Above: Mrs Sunchita Kriplani has recently been appointed to be Chief Minister of Uttar Pradesh, one of the largest Indian states

Top: The first run of the asbestos-cement factory of Turners Asbestos Cement (Nigeria) Ltd. at Emene. The factory was recently opened by the Eastern Nigerian Premier, Dr Okpara

Above: Mr Victor Chuks-Adophy, until lately a senior member of the staff of Nigeria House, London. He has returned to Nigeria

Right: General Sir Richard Gale is greeted at Ndola airport in Northern Rhodesia by four " Types ". The General had arrived to attend Ndola's annual El Alamein-Trafalgar Day celebrations

BOOK REVIEWS

The Essential Gandhi edited by Louis Fischer. George Allen and Unwin. 30s. The image of Gandhi as the great Indian statesman, the liberator, the inventor of non-violent civil disobedience, is filled out with thoroughgoing details of his life and thinking. The book is composed of quotations, very readable, deeply sincere and often of immense philosophical power, taken from the Mahatma's writings. With them are bracketed notes by Louis Fischer, explaining their relevance to Gandhi's life and the state of affairs in India at the time. Shining with the great light of Gandhi's personal example and his extraordinary status in the Indian nation are chapters on various aspects of his work; his view of the British rule in India, his fasts against various Indian prejudices, his advice on how persecuted negroes should conduct themselves, his blueprint for a better life. One of the most dramatic tells the story of Gandhi's Liberty march in 1930, when he collected grains of salt from the beach, thereby violating the British Government Salt Monopoly. From his origins and his early days in England to his murder at prayers on January 25, 1948, the author, who once lived with Gandhi, gives the essence and more. "Generations to come," Albert Einstein said, "it may be, will scarce believe that such a one as this ever in flesh and blood walked upon this earth." But it is the achievement of this book that it imparts credulity to those who never witnessed Gandhi's life.

The Murder of the Mahatma by G. D. Khosla: Chatto and Windus Ltd. 30s. The author is a distinguished Indian judge, formerly Chief Justice of the Punjab. In his book he gives descriptive accounts of various criminal cases with which he had to deal during his judicial experience over 35 years, from simple cases of arson and poisoning to the murder of Gandhi. He comments on features of Indian crime—the brilliant gift for perjury which some of his countrymen display, the long-term village feuds, the subtlety with which alibis are faked and identities assumed. His provision of abundant detail, albeit in a prosaic unemotional form, will make this book as fascinating to criminologists as to laymen.

To My Wife—50 Camels by Alys Reece: Harvill. 25s. The author writes as the wife of a District Commissioner at Marsabit in Kenya's Northern Frontier District, now Sir Gerald Reece, who was later in 1948 Governor of British Somaliland. The account is what one might expect of an intelligent, civilised woman who finds herself for 11 years in the middle of a remote, primitive region surrounded by wild animals, especially camels, and curious tribes, some nomadic, some pastoral. Alys Reece describes the alarms and excursions in a straight-forward, very readable style that makes this kind of book the best bedside reading one can find.

R. B. Bennett by Ernest Watkins: Secker and Warburg. 35s. This is an even, well-documented biography of the self-made, persevering Canadian lawyer who succeeded to the leadership of the Conservative party on the retirement of Arthur Meighen, and became Prime Minister of Canada in 1930. R. B. Bennett presided over the Ottawa Imperial Conference in 1932, and did his best to create a Commonwealth Economic Union. The author is himself a politician who emigrated to Calgary in 1954 after working as an assistant editor of the *Economist*.

A puzzle for the Mayor. In Ottawa, a modern sculpture seems to perplex the capital city's Mayor, Miss Charlotte Whitton. She was Ottawa's Mayor from 1951-56, and returned to office in 1960. At one time Miss Whitton worked as a newspaper columnist and lecturer. She was four years secretary to the Federal Minister of Trade and Commerce, a much travelling executive director of the Canadian Welfare Council, and sometime representative at the pre-war League of Nations

At the RAMC HQ in Millbank, London, Sir Allen Brown, the Australian Acting High Commissioner (left), and William Dargie, an Australian artist, look at a newly acquired painting of an incident in which a New South Wales officer won the VC in the South African war. Sir Allen had just unveiled the painting. It hangs with 38 others, all illustrating heroic actions, in the VC room

IN LIBYA TODAY

by **DEREK PATMORE**

188 *After their decisive victory at El Alamein in* 1942, *the Allies advanced into Libya and liberated the people from the Germans and the Italians. In* 1951 *the Kingdom of Libya became the first independent state to be created by the United Nations. The author of this article has recently been there.*

The long winding desert road which links Tripoli with distant Benghazi still remains the same except that vast convoys of lorries now replace the tanks and armoured vehicles that once used it in the Desert Campaigns. Still, ruins of bombed-out Italian barracks and tangles of rusted barbed-wire remind you of those far-off battles, and even a modern map of Libya with its cities, Benghazi, Tobruk, Derna and Tripoli, recalls the glorious exploits of the Eighth Army.

But I think that army veterans who served in these historic campaigns would be surprised at the transformations that have taken place in the land which is now the Kingdom of Libya. Under the able rule of King Idris, head of the great Senussi tribe, and now ruler of the United Kingdom of Libya, this former desert country with its wandering tribes bids to become one of the richest and most progressive countries along the shores of North Africa.

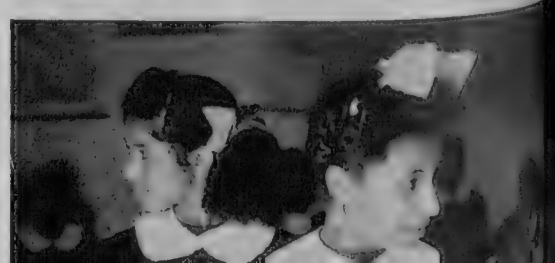
The reason for this dramatic change in Libya's fortunes has been the unexpected discovery of oil in the desert and near the seacoast. This vast land with a population of only 1,200,000 is rapidly becoming one of the most important oil-producing countries in the whole of the Mediterranean area. At present, there are 20 great international oil companies operating in Libya, and the most successful have been Esso, a subsidiary of Standard Oil, British Petroleum (BP) and Oasis. Experts declare that Libyan oil is the best discovered since that in Kuwait, and predict Libyan oil production will soon rival that of Iraq.

So far, the best oilfields have been discovered south of Benghazi at Zelten, and Esso have now constructed a new port at Mersa el Brega, where they have built a refinery which meets all the oil needs of Libya and still produces enough oil to be shipped to England to their vast refinery at Fawley in Hampshire. Oasis have also constructed a port at Es Sidre on the Gulf of Sirte in Tripolitania, where the output from their oilfield at Dahra is already 300,000 barrels per day.

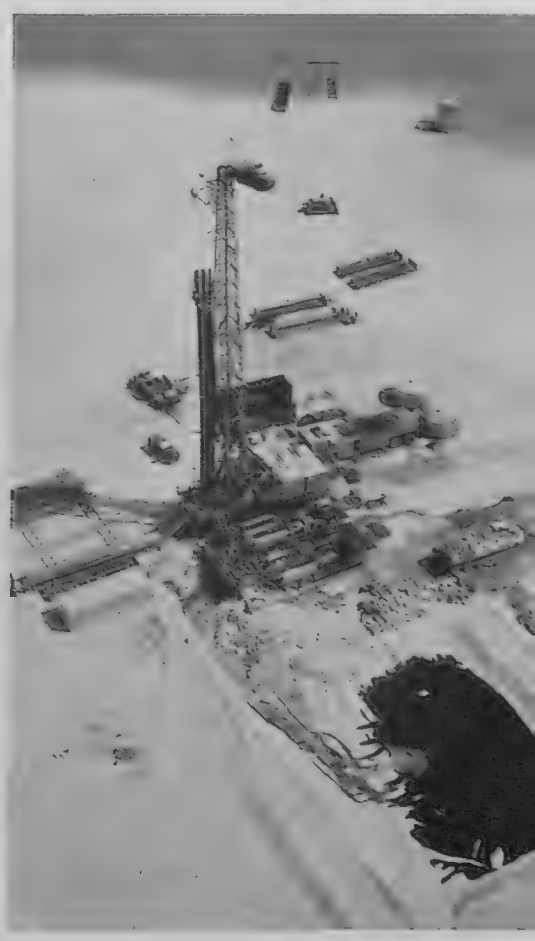
Naturally, this sudden wealth has revolutionised the economy of Libya. It is pleasant to record that the Libyan Government are determined that the whole Libyan people shall profit from the oil royalties. Under the Petroleum Law, first introduced in 1955, and later amended in 1961, 70 per cent. of the oil royalties are being diverted to the Development Council, which has a Five-Year Plan aimed at improving the social and economic conditions in Libya. Libya receives 50 per cent. of all the oil revenues, and thus new schools, new hospitals, and new social services are springing up everywhere, and the whole country exudes an unexpected air of prosperity. A splendid new road across the desert now links Tripoli with Sebha in the Fezzan, and there are other great projects.

Libya is one of the few countries which I have visited that regard the British as liberators, and the pro-British feeling is very strong. Everyone speaks English. The Libyans have never forgotten that in the dark year of 1940 their present King Idris signed a military alliance with Great Britain in Cairo and it is little known that this alliance is still in force. So, even now, there are British military bases in Libya. During my visits to Libya, I have visited these British bases at Tripoli, Homs, and Benghazi, and each time I have noticed that the British troops get on fine with the Libyans. During the Barce earthquake earlier this year, the British earned the undying gratitude of the Libyan people for the marvellous work they did in rescuing victims of this disaster. The RAF also have a base at Idris Airport—outside Tripoli.

At this moment of memory, it is pleasant to recall a remark which a prominent Libyan official said to me: "We are so happy about Libyan oil. Now, Great Britain won't be blackmailed by the countries relying on the passage of oil through the Suez Canal."



Above: One of the buildings at Idris Airport in Tripoli
Top right: A baby is examined by a doctor at the French hospital in Sebha
Above right: A school for senior boys
Right: Girls at the Unesco school in Sebha which is in Fezzan province



Top: The sea front at Benghazi has a number of new buildings
Above: A drilling rig of Esso Standard Libya Inc.
Left: The refinery at Mersa el Brega, the terminal for the pipeline from the oilfields. *More pictures overleaf*

IN LIBYA TODAY

continued from page 189

In the darkest days of the war an Anglo-Libyan military alliance was signed. British troops are stationed in the country today under the 1953 Treaty of Alliance and Friendship. There are three bases and the RAF has a station at Tripoli. Servicemen exercise in the desert. When occasion arises they are always ready to assist the population as the picture (bottom right) of the bulldozer engaged in rescue work after the Barce earthquake shows

PRATT'S

Drawings by **GEOFFREY S. FLETCHER**

The main room in the basement of the club in Park Place has been little altered in the past 120 years

The staircase leading to the basement

The billiard room is part of the club's accommodation on the ground floor

The club at No. 14 Park Place, behind St. James's Street, is said to have originated around 1840. One night the Duke of Beaufort, being bored with his usual haunts of amusement, took some friends to the house where his steward, Pratt, lived and let rooms. A pleasant time was spent gaming and drinking in the basement and repetition of this practice soon hardened into habit. Thus a small but exclusive club came into being. There have been some alterations in the past 120 years but the interesting features of the interior are still mainly in the basement and ground floor, where the original members gathered.

THE CALM OF TWO CASTLES

192 "I purchased a magnificent collection of pictures not equalled perhaps in the kingdom. I made a noble approach to the castle through the solid rock, and founded a library full of books. I made an armoury, and built walls around the court and pleasure gardens. I built a noble greenhouse and filled it with beautiful plants; I placed in it a vase considered the finest remains of Grecian art for its size and beauty. I made a noble lake 300 to 400 feet broad, and a mile long. I planted trees now worth £100,000 besides a hundred acres of ash. I built a stone bridge of 105 feet in span, every stone from 2,000 to 3,800 pounds weight; the weight of the first tier on the centre was estimated at 110 tons. I gave the bridge to the town with no toll on it. I will not enumerate a great many other things done by me. Let Warwick Castle speak for itself."

That was written, more than 150 years ago, by George Greville, Earl of Warwick. If today it sounds arrogantly egotistical, that is because George Greville was a man in the true arrogant tradition of Richard Neville, that Earl of Warwick who was known as the 'Kingmaker'; a man who, in times of civil strife, would have been a brilliant and ruthless commander. Fortunately he lived in times of peace, indeed in an era of liberalism. Since he could not make kings, he devoted his energies and organising ability to making of his castle a palace fit for a king.

H. V. Morton the great travel writer once said that if you stood on Warwick Bridge and looked at the castle, set high on its cliff bowered among the trees, the two machicolated towers to the right, you would sooner or later hear someone say: "This is one of the finest views in England."

But it is not a view of a castle; that is, of a castle in the sense of a fortress. I have been told that from the air you can see clearly—at Warwick, at Windsor, and at Arundel—how the stonework of every period has followed the original Norman motte-and-bailey earthwork foundations. But this is not apparent from the ground. Warwick, Windsor, Arundel: these are great fortresses which have become stately homes. When this happens, the domestic buildings—the buildings designed for living rather than for survival—become so altered as to lose the effect of their medieval origin. From a distance, and especially in the evening when a mist swirls over the river, Arundel sometimes still bears the aspect of a fortress. Not even a mist over the Avon can make Warwick anything but a stately home with a tower or two. For me, at any rate, it is the interior, not the exterior, of Warwick Castle that is fascinating. Certainly, it is the interior that attracts the tourists, and particularly the Americans. Indeed, I once had the somewhat unnerving experience of being the only Briton in a conducted party.

Five miles away, at Kenilworth, stand the ruins of one of England's greatest and most formidable castles. Once Kenilworth Castle (like Caerphilly, the largest of all British castles) was surrounded by an artificial lake, which rendered it impregnable, for the broad water defences made mining operations impossible. In all its turbulent history Kenilworth Castle was never taken by storm. Indeed, this was the scene of the greatest siege in our history. In 1266 a small band of Simon de Montfort's supporters, after their leader's defeat and death at Evesham, withstood here the full military might of Henry III, virtually the full military might of the nation, for no less than six months. When starvation finally forced them to surrender there was still no breach in the walls and they were allowed to march out with the full honours of war. Later a great prince, John of Gaunt, built a superb series of residential buildings, on a scale unapproached anywhere save at Windsor, along the north and west sides of the inner bailey and among them the Great Hall, perhaps the finest of all castle halls to be built in England. Kenilworth then, and until the Civil War, rivalled Windsor in magnificence. The Roundheads, for no sound strategic reason, destroyed it. Now it stands, lake-less, a chocolate-red rambling ruin in the meadows; all semblance of a palace gone, once more a fortress, albeit a skeleton of one. Within five miles it would be impossible to find a greater contrast than that between Warwick and Kenilworth.

But the contrast is not merely one of stately home and ruin. The contrast between those who visit the two is at least equally striking. Of course, the two towns have something to do with it. Warwick, though it has not many ancient buildings (Mill Street and Leycester's Hospital are exceptions), is a town of atmosphere. Kenilworth is a not-pretty, straggling place. Warwick tempts you to wander about: Kenilworth almost urges you to pass through. So Warwick, and particularly Warwick Castle, attracts the tourists: the Americans 'doing' Britain, the excursions, the typical sightseers armed with guide books and cameras and transistor pocket radios. If you are in a hurry—and the typical sightseer always seems to be in a hurry—there is nothing to keep you at Kenilworth: not even the castle. There is great beauty in the broken tattered walls reaching to the sky, in the great staircases climbing to nothing, in the empty windows and doorways, the scrolled masonry, the massive walls of the Norman keep and the peerless arches of the Great Hall, and the smooth grass that lies between. The mown grass, the tidiness, enhances not only the beauty but also the sense of desolation. In evening light, when the broken walls cast long shadows, Kenilworth is ghost-ridden. In winter, when the wind wails through window and doorway it can be almost frightening. But . . . well, one ruin looks very much like another anyway.

Only those with time to spare—and a few specialists—go to Kenilworth Castle on afternoons of high summer—and on quiet winter days, for the great walls give shelter and collect the weak warmth of the sun. Kenilworth Castle is one of the most peaceful places in England. Because it is, it attracts not the tourist but the family party. They come from Birmingham and Coventry, even from neighbouring Warwick and Leamington. They bring with them sandwiches and Thermos flasks. And afterwards the children play among the ruins, and mother knits, and father puts the paper over his face and dozes. Not one of them has the slightest interest in the history of Kenilworth Castle: all they want is a bit of peace and quiet. It is something of a commentary on modern life that you have to go to a ruined fortress to find it.

Above: The road from the modern part of Kenilworth town which leads to the ruins of the castle (right). Kenilworth Castle was once defended by a moat and an artificial lake of 111 acres. The fortifications were dismantled soon after the Civil War. The castle was never once taken by storm

Top left: The gateway of the 14th century Warwick Castle, one of the finest and best-preserved in the country. The castle stands on a rock above the river and is surrounded by lawns, trees and flowerbeds. The residential part of the building contains a famous collection of pictures

Above: In Kenilworth, the King's Arms and Castle where Sir Walter Scott stayed to write *Kenilworth*, the 13th of the Waverley novels, published in 1821

Top: In the grounds of Kenilworth Castle is Leicester's Barn, probably the stables when Queen Bess made her state visits

PEACEFUL PURSUITS

194 **The Rocks Remain** by Gavin Maxwell: Longmans. 30s, continues the story of the author's life with his friends, the otters, in his remote west Highland cottage by the water and, without them, when he journeys in Majorca and North Africa. As before, the otters are described in the loving detail that only a man who understood them so well could achieve and which only a writer of Mr Maxwell's eminence could convey; fascinating little creatures, capable of affection towards human beings but swift to revert to their wilder natures. This book, with its chapters on the Agadir earthquake and a spectacular car smash, will almost certainly be as great a success as its predecessor and I have already marked it down for my Christmas list.

A Kind of Magic by Edna Ferber: Gollancz. 25s, continues the author's own story from the days just before the second world war to the 1960's. Miss Ferber, who is just about five feet tall is also, even by vigorous American standards, something of a ball of fire and this crackling vitality of hers is reflected in much that she has to tell us about building a stone mansion on a beautiful but inhospitable Connecticut hillside—and the energy that kept that project going would have run all the diesel trains in the United States—and earning the money by novels and plays to finance the various aspects of her way of life. Inclined to suffer from a rush of words to the page but, on the whole, a lively and sympathetic piece of autobiography.

To Ayers Rocks and Beyond by W. E. (Bill) Harney: Robert Hale. 21s, provides an immense contrast to the last book since it deals with one of the strangest regions of the Australian outback, with Ayers Rock, which is something of a mystery in itself, and with the six years which the author, known to the aborigines as Bilarnie, spent there as a ranger, protecting the indigenous animals, the local flora and the cave drawings. Written with good-natured ease of manner and very informative indeed.

Sir William or A Lesson in Love by David Stacton: Faber. 25s, retails the often-told story of Emma Hamilton, her husband and her lover, Nelson, but it does so from a new angle; the point of view of the older aristocrat watching an inevitable drama develop and regarding it less with cynicism than tolerance. As Mr Stacton writes: " 'Poor Nelson,' thought Sir William, 'he has not the sophistication for Emma's simplicity.' " I found this a fascinating book and the perspective which it gives really illuminating to even such a familiar story.

Man Without a Shadow by Colin Wilson: Arthur Barker. 21s, is announced as the diary of an existentialist and is, in fact, a novel in that form and a rather puzzling one from a writer of whom one expects more than this half-humorous, half-repulsive account of sexual and philosophical experiences, as related by an imaginary but not incredible personage.

The Autobiography of H.I.H. Princess Soraya: Arthur Barker. 30s, will appeal, I should have thought, almost entirely to women who may like to read the not-too-sad story of one of their more glamorous sisters who has been in turn the fabulous queen of the Shah of Persia, a Mediterranean playgirl and the serious compiler of these reminiscences. Good photographs, though one would have liked more of them, and some dignified and friendly assessments of the Shah's political position.

Expect Nothing by David Higham: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s, is a story about two kinds of love: the possessive, which a mother might feel for her son to such a degree that she is emotionally crippled by it, and the passionate, as between men and women with few complexes and more direct natures. Mr Higham has an easy, almost a carpet-slippered style which has a way of making such erotic passages as there are quite startling.

Break 50 Kill by John Bratby: Hutchinson. 30s, is another of the artist-author's fantastic and often powerful novels, in which an ordinary, even fairly banal, domestic life is alternated with accounts of phantasmagoric horrors and apocalyptic visions. None of this makes for particularly easy reading but Mr Bratby, like many good artists, is a law unto himself and one must take him as one finds him or not at all. His own black and white illustrations to this amazing book are as forceful as the text and some of them represent very gruesome creatures indeed.

Fort of Silence by Helen Foley: Hodder & Stoughton. 18s, is rather like changing from a runaway train to a carriage and pair and none the worse for that. Miss Helen Foley has written about a long-married couple setting out on a holiday in France and, during their leisure,

MEN OF WAR

The Sword-Bearers, by Correlli Barnett: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 35s.
Terrible Swift Sword, by Bruce Catton. Vol. 2 of the *Centennial History of the American Civil War*: Gollancz. 52s 6d.
Massacre at Amritsar, by Rupert Furneaux: Allen and Unwin. 25s.
The First World War, by Richard Thoumin: Secker and Warburg. 50s.
From Merciless Invaders, by Alexander McKee: Souvenir Press. 30s.
Parry of the Arctic, by Ann Parry: Chatto and Windus. 25s.

War's fascination for the student must stem in large measure from the personalities it throws up and the impact they make in the midst of its headlong course. Correlli Barnett has selected four men of the first World War for his penetrating studies of men in supreme command, with the novel task of directing new and terrifying forces of mass power in battle. *The Sword-Bearers* reveals just how they measured up to it; von Moltke to the gambler's throw demanded of him by his Kaiser; Jellicoe to the moments of decision at Jutland when he might have broken the spell of attrition at sea; Pétain to the rescuing of an army on the verge of mutiny and disruption; Ludendorff to the direction of the last titanic German offensive. Seldom in any book touching upon the strategy and grand strategy of war has the personal factor been so strongly brought out. Most unforgettable of all perhaps is the meeting of the beaten Nivelle, bitter with the failure of his grand offensive, and his successor Pétain amid the fineries of the Palais de Compiègne. It was a sad, awkward and brief meeting, but like so many other incidents in the drama it is sharply etched on the mind by a vivid portrayal that is the product of intensive research.

Richest of all wars perhaps in personalities was the American Civil War, now in the midst of its centenary, and recent events in Alabama and other southern states sadly remind us how little of social as opposed to political consequence was really resolved by that tragic conflict. Bruce Catton's first volume of his comprehensive three volume work was entitled *The Coming Fury*. Now in the second volume, *Terrible Swift Sword*, we see the Union and Confederacy slowly reconciling themselves to the need for an all-out war; and we see the opening skirmishes giving place to the hammer blows of General Lee and his men. Masterful lucidity of narrative is the keynote of this volume as it was of the first, and its special interest lies in the fact that here we see the deployments of Jackson at the height of his fame, the great campaign of the Shenandoah Valley, and the glorious rout achieved at the Second Manassas where Lee and Jackson divided to conquer and poor General Pope never knew what hit him till he was headlong on his way to Washington. Mr Catton's command of his complex subject almost gives the impression that he has surveyed the whole field of conflict under a gigantic reducing glass, effectively bringing it into a perspective that has defied so many other writers on this engrossing subject.

The name of Amritsar, the Axminster of the Punjab, a city of looms and a famed centre for the trans-Himalayan trade, leapt into the world's headlines on April 13, 1919, when General Dyer, in dispersing an unlawful gathering in the Jallianwallah Bagh, killed nearly 400 Indians by rifle fire. In *Massacre at Amritsar* Rupert Furneaux reconstructs that terrible event which, as some said at the time, " gave India into the keeping of a half naked saint and led to the first step in the birth of a new nation." Rupert Furneaux takes the view that Dyer was a man of poor judgment, which may have been impaired by the coming onset of arteriosclerosis, and certainly during the two days of tension which preceded the massacre his mind had been inflamed by news of brutal murder and dastardly assault. Dyer marched to the Jallianwallah Bagh determined to teach the mob a sharp lesson, but some who knew him say he was no murderer, not even a thruster, just a quiet-speaking little man held by all who knew him in the greatest respect. Perhaps because over zealous Anglo-Indians decided to make him a hero for crushing a rebellion, Dyer came to see himself in that role, to see himself as a few other men saw him. Only that perhaps can explain why in the course of public inquiry Dyer changed his reasons for having continued to fire on people who had no means of escape.

The *History in the Making* series, in which great events and epochs are presented through eye-witness accounts, has already made an impressive impact, whether we are reading about

scrutinising each to himself, the course of their lives together and the influences—for her a secret lover, for him the Army which means so much to him—which have separated them and enclosed them each in a "fort of silence." Sensitive, occasionally awkward but sincerely pleasing.

Earth and Stone by Jim Hunter: Faber. 18s, is also, in its different way, a tale of marriage passed in review and gradually reaching a climax. There is great and communicated honesty in the telling of this story of an artist and his dying wife and, as before, Mr Hunter is able to reach and move the reader with the very candour of his expression. I found this a book of unusual comprehension, even of pathos.

Young Crankshaw by Cecil Hemley: Constable. 21s, recounts the adventures of a young amorist who is fairly successful, with "his absolutely angelic face," at his chosen occupation. His income and his flat are small and become even smaller after he befriends a young revolutionary writer whose basic ideas on women as on everything else are apt to be ruthless.

The Hated One by Don Tracy: Cassell. 16s, is a story of the American south and of an alcoholic lawyer who comes back to the town which had rejected him ten years before, determined to stay only a few hours. In the event he stays on, and stays sober, to defend a negro girl on a charge of murdering a white person. Dramatically told, unpretentious in style and not without its own small message of tolerance. **Vernon Fane**

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the Siege of Acre in the words of a Crusader, or about the last hours of Marie Antoinette as they appeared to the ill-fated Queen's chambermaid. Latest in the series is *The First World War*, edited by General Richard Thoumin. Men of all ranks from both sides of the conflict. Field Marshals, infantrymen, Admirals and ordinary seamen, join with journalists, politicians, and ambassadors to create this sombre symposium, sombre because even anecdotes of the lighter side of military life only add to the heartbreak of the whole desolate picture of wasted lives and a generation engulfed in war. Martin Kieffer has done the translation and the final editing.

How England achieved her salvation in the face of the Great Armada is also dealt with in the dramatic form presented by eye-witness accounts; more than a 100 eye-witnesses indeed have been brought together within one volume, the whole story welded together by Alexander McKee, who first became interested in the subject when he prepared a documentary programme in 1955. Old prints, portraits, and diagrams add to the interest of the text.

One of the great leaders of men in the 19th century was Admiral Sir Edward Parry, not only an explorer extraordinary in search of the North West Passage, but one who endeared himself to his fellow human beings with his resourceful and unorthodox expedients for keeping men in good heart during ice-bound winters. *Parry of the Antarctic* is a most readable biography by the Admiral's talented great-great granddaughter, Ann Parry. **Richard Edmonds**

FRAMED

Photographs by Anthony Crickmay

PORTRAIT OF MURDER opened at the Savoy Theatre in London last week. The play reveals an evil conspiracy to murder an authoress, played by Phyllis Calvert (above). The literary setting lends an edge to the plot, in which Renée Asherson (top), the authoress's so-called friend, and George Baker, her disenchanted husband, (above and top) have major roles. Jack Gwillim plays the part of a literary agent. Teniel Evans and Barbara Hicks complete the cast. *Portrait of Murder* is by the American adapter of some of the Perry Mason episodes for TV, Robert Bloomfield, and is directed by a fellow countryman of his, George Shdanoff.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **ROBERT W. JOHNSON, C.B.E.**

In front of the giant hull of a BP supertanker, *British Ensign*, stands Mr Robert Johnson, chairman and managing director of Cammell Laird and Co. (Shipbuilders and Engineers) Ltd., of Birkenhead, one of the largest shipyards in the UK. His company, a member of the Cammell Laird Group, is one of the biggest employers on Merseyside. From the building slips at Birkenhead have come passenger liners like the *Mauretania* and *Windsor Castle* and famous warships such as *Ark Royal* and *Devonshire*. Like his father, the late Sir Robert, who steered the company through the depression of the 1930's, Mr Johnson has the task of seeing Cammell Laird through a difficult period for shipbuilding.

Born in 1912, Robert Johnson started his business career with a firm of Lloyd's brokers (he has been an underwriting member of Lloyd's since 1937). He then served in the RAF during the war. He was appointed to the board of Cammell Laird and Co. Ltd. in 1946 and was made managing director in 1951. In 1957, on becoming chairman and managing director of Cammell Laird and Co. (Shipbuilders and Engineers) Ltd., he resigned the managing directorship of the holding company, though he remains a director. He is also on the boards of two Group companies, the English Steel Corporation Ltd. and Metropolitan-Cammell Carriage and Wagon Co. Ltd., and is chairman of North West Tugs Ltd. He is a member of the executive committee of the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation, the executive board of the Shipbuilding Conference, the general committee of Lloyd's Register of Shipping, the British technical committee of the American Bureau of Shipping, and is a liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Shipwrights. His activities on Merseyside are equally varied. He is a member of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board, the Liverpool and district branch of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, and a part-time member of the Merseyside and North Wales Electricity Board. Mr Johnson is married, with three children at school, and lives at Caldy, Cheshire. He enjoys gardening in his spare time

GO AHEAD FOR Q4

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

It was a coincidence, last week, that almost the first decision announced by the Home administration was to implement a political promise made in the election manifesto with which the former administration under Mr Macmillan had won the 1959 election. It lent Sir John Brocklebank most of the money Cunard needed to build a successor to the *Queen Mary*. And controversial as this issue had been in its time, by now most people were probably quite glad to see the Government do so.

Many things were different about the loan as finally announced from the loan-cum-subsidy, and the whole 'Q3' project, as originally put forward; only the amount of the loan was still the same. The ship was entirely different in concept; the nature of the loan had become much more commercial; Cunard's whole approach to the future of passenger travel across the North Atlantic had become more cautious, though not essentially pessimistic. Finally, the loan had ceased to be an isolated one: Cunard was coming in for a loan of public money not in the splendid isolation of one company singled out for political assistance, but well down a queue of British shipping companies benefiting, along with the shipyards concerned, from assistance to the whole industry, getting the largest single loan but no exceptional terms for it.

Sir John Brocklebank, who has steadfastly played out what must often have been an embarrassing role over the last two years of public discussion of his company's affairs, will at last be able to get back to the more fruitful task of settling on a detailed specification. For the liner the company is now to build at present exists only as very much an outline: 58,550 tons, to carry 2,500 passengers and about 1,000 crew at an operating speed of about 28½ knots. The Cunard board is not quite sure yet whether it shall have two passenger classes or three: it will have "a maximum of one funnel," i.e. possibly none at all; it will be able to transit the Panama Canal, and able to cruise anywhere if it pays Cunard to take it out of North Atlantic service during the off-season months. But the whole physical configuration and accommodation lay-out of the vessel still remain to be settled.

Six British yards—John Brown, Fairfields, Swan Hunter and Wigham Richardson, Vickers, Cammell Laird, and Harland and Wolff—have been accepted by Cunard as qualified to build this 'Q4', and will be invited to tender next summer. One of them will win the largest money contract ever placed for a single passenger ship in Britain, if not the largest-tonnage vessel—£22 million, of which the Government loan will amount to just under £18 million.

This vessel will bring the yard, as well as Cunard and Britain, prestige; but the project is no longer so heavily weighted with considerations of sheer national prestige as it was originally. "We are satisfied," said Sir John Brocklebank last week, "not only that the ship we are preparing to build is the right one, but also that we are embarking on a commercially profitable project." The company's confidence has been strengthened during the last 18 months. The 1961 setback to North Atlantic travel was followed last year, for all transatlantic carriers, by a renewed surge in traffic; and in 1963, Sir John said this week, the number of passengers carried by the Queens is about 10 per cent. up on the 1962 record.

Cunard and other ocean carriers, as well as the airlines, are banking on a continued growth in travel on this route. The time may not be far off, many of them believe, when the base load of business travel across the North Atlantic will be supplemented by a break-through into quite large-scale travel for pleasure. This is partly a matter of rising incomes, perhaps also one of leisure: with most French factory hands now getting four weeks' paid holiday a year, the time may not be too far off when British and American white-collar classes will be able to count on taking three weeks off in a lump, maybe even four. Three weeks, higher incomes, continued air fare reduction—this combination should begin to make transatlantic holidays quite on the cards for many people. Four weeks, and the comfort many business passengers already prize of coming back by sea should begin to spread its appeal over holidaymakers too.

Earlier this year Cunard was arguing that it ought to be allowed a specially low rate of interest on its loan. The Government did not agree; but in the delay the company has benefited from a windfall revision in the terms that shipowners are getting on these loans. The rate of interest is a periodically reviewed estimate of the rate at which the Government could borrow on long term, applied to this as well as to other loans (for example, money lent as long-term capital to the nationalised industries); and last week, one of these periodical reviews brought the rate down to 4½ per cent. as against nearly 5 per cent. when Cunard began to argue on the point early this summer.

Another Government shift in policy necessitated by this loan was a further increase in the total amount of the loans shipowners as a whole are getting. When it was first announced that Cunard's needs too would be dealt with under this loan scheme Mr Marples announced that the total would be raised from £30 million to £60 million. At the time loans approved or applications put up amounted to about £40 million, which made room for Cunard without much to spare; by last week, however, the total without Cunard had risen to about £48 million, and the Ministry had to increase the total limit of loans to £75 million to allow any leeway.

This £75 million—which at 80 per cent. of the total value any shipowner intends to build implies total orders of nearly £100 million—offers some modernisation of the British merchant fleet, plus a considerable tonic for the country's shipyards. Since the middle of this year when the scheme began to take effect, the yards have booked some 477,000 tons of new orders for ships, as against only 34,000 tons in the same period of last year. It would be exaggerating to suggest that the commercial future of all Britain's yards is becoming comfortable yet; but the more competitive yards have been allowed some reward for their attempts to reorganise and modernise in recent years, investment which with the shipping recession of the last few years has until now not earned much in the way of return. Pump-priming of this kind for particular industries always has its critics; but at a time when nationally the Government is offering considerable financial incentives for investment, and in certain regions quite exceptional ones, shipping and shipbuilding, both industries concerned essentially with exporting, deserve this special assistance too.

Mrs Ernest Marples, wife of the Minister of Transport, named the *British Ensign* at the Birkenhead shipyard of Cammell Laird and Co. (Shipbuilders and Engineers) Ltd. The *British Ensign* is a 71,700 ton deadweight, steam-turbine tanker — built for the BP Tanker Co. Ltd. She is one of the biggest tankers to have the navigating bridge and the crew accommodation situated aft

GIANT TANKER

198 The 71,000 ton *British Mariner* (right) is the tenth tanker to be built by John Brown and Co. (Clydebank) Ltd. for BP Tanker Co. Ltd., and the largest to be completed in the UK. Acceptance trials were recently completed in the Firth of Clyde before she was handed over to her owners for use, principally on the Middle East-UK crude oil run. Well-appointed, as the smoke room (below) shows, the *British Mariner* is the first vessel to be equipped with new Pametrada standard steam turbine component machinery (bottom). The extensive control and instrumentation system is accommodated in a single control room (below centre). Normal watch-keeping duties may be carried out within this room, air-conditioned and sound insulated for maximum efficiency. (Below right) The 815 ft. long tanker during construction.

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

ELECTION HAZARDS

by The Sphere City Correspondent

Sir Alec Douglas-Home as Prime Minister and his choice of Cabinet has led to considerable uncertainty in the Stock Market. Dealers' initial reaction had been to mark up prices on the ending of the Conservative Party's internal strife. But although the City is right of centre of the Conservative Party and on the whole approves of Sir Alec's few policy statements made during his earlier political career, there is anxiety that he may not be able to project a sufficiently 'modern' image for the Conservatives to win the election. The Conservative cabal's blatant rejection of Mr Butler for the second time in six years might, it is being said in the City, cause numerous left-of-centre Conservatives to abstain or vote Liberal. Whereas a few weeks ago City talk was more about the striking signs of economic recovery (and its significance for company profits and share prices), now the uppermost thought is once again the likely outcome of the election.

A number of shrewd and realistic investment advisers are still reckoning that the Conservatives will win. They argue that in fact the Tory Party will manage to put over an image of a sensible and agreeable senior leader backed by a good team of executive ministers. They will contrast this sharply with the Labour Party's one-man band, or at best triumvirate. Expecting an election in the late spring next year, this school of thought also argues, a trifle cynically perhaps, that the electorate will be 'in the money' by then and will not vote for anyone who might disturb their well-being. Wage-packets in the light end of industry are already increasing with overtime and by next spring recovery should have spread to the capital goods industry. Provided a winter as bitter as the last one does not cause exceptional unemployment in the construction and other industries, the mass of the country should have been earning very satisfactorily for over a year by the time the election comes round. This is the 'never-had-it-so-good' theory of election winning, and a number of people in the City believe it will work a second time.

On this assumption, these investors are not only keeping their portfolios of a cross-section of British industrial shares, but are now extending their holdings into the three classical election sectors: steel, life insurance and property. Of the three, steel shares are probably the most attractive, offering a high yield (United Steel still gives over 6½ per cent.) and giving ample scope for appreciation in price. Life insurance and property shares are historically low in price but their average yields of 3·3 per cent. and 3·9 per cent. are still less than the index, which must hamper price recovery to some extent. But investors who believe in a Conservative victory and are prepared to back their judgment should, of course, include shares from these sectors.

Those in the City who think Labour will win, do so mainly because they think the electorate will insist on a change for change's sake. They feel that the Conservatives have misjudged the wish of the country to be led by a younger man and they suspect there is considerable suppressed envy in Britain that the Americans are led by Kennedy. But while agreeing on the likelihood of a Labour victory this school seems divided on the probable consequences on the economy and the stock market. Some think that while there may be a fair amount of foreign selling of both British shares and of sterling just before and after a Labour victory, in fact, the new Government will be inheriting a basically strong and expanding economy. On calmer reflection, say advocates of this view, share prices and sterling will recover: indeed, a Labour victory would provide excellent buying opportunities.

Others who think Labour will win expect the Stock Market to remain nervous both before and after the election, fearing a tighter capital gains tax, a wealth tax (causing shares to be sold) and, most probably, some form of dividend restriction or extra profits tax. For these reasons they say that investors should now be adjusting their portfolio to hedge against such an eventuality.

A typical 'election portfolio' might be one third in fixed interest investment (short-dated gilts, or building societies, etc.), one-third in overseas companies or trusts (such as Shell, Hudson's Bay, the Bank of New South Wales or the Munster and Leinster Bank in Eire), and the remaining third in high-yielding British industrial shares that will recover with economy, but be less affected by dividend limitation (for instance: Hawker Siddeley, Cammell Laird or Peninsular and Orient).

On balance, I am prepared to back a Conservative victory. But much could change between now and the election. Certainly trustees and investment managers have a duty to plan their portfolios for the event of either party winning. On this view a hedging portfolio plus a smattering of steel shares might, in my opinion, get the best of both worlds. It could at least be defended afterwards.

MIDLANDS MATTERS

by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent

200 Midlands industry is fairly hardened towards the spokesmen from other, less prosperous, areas of the country who come hopefully with missions or delegations seeking a share of the pickings by persuading employers to move their factories elsewhere. One prominent industrialist remarked to me the other day: " The trouble is they all seem to think we're a fat milch cow with inexhaustible supplies of milk." Certainly the experience of development associations so far has not been encouraging. Mid-Wales, whose problem of a declining population is different in kind from that of the industrially depressed areas, has had much more success in attracting small firms from the north than from the West Midlands conurbation. Ironically, the Lancashire and Merseyside Industrial Development Association is currently engaged on a personal campaign directed at top Midlands management.

But the Midlands industrialist, secure in his traditional stronghold, his suppliers within easy reach, his communications improving, his production schedules worked out on the basis of existing conditions, shows a quite unflinching reluctance to move unless, like the larger car firms, he is forced by Government action towards Scotland or Merseyside. Nevertheless, victories continue to be notched up by the evangelists. Fafnir Bearing Co. Ltd., of Wolverhampton, were sufficiently persuaded of the advantages of Northern Ireland to site their new European factory there, and the Prime Minister, Captain Terence O'Neill, recently laid the foundation stone. On the very same day Mr George R. Chetwynd, the energetic and fluent Midlander, born in the Warwickshire coalfield, who gave up his seat as MP for Stockton-on-Tees to become director of the North-East Development Council, announced that he had achieved the transfer of a precision engineering firm from Coventry to help with Darlington's problems (the closure of the English Electric and the shut-down of British Railways works there). But, in talking, a little unfairly, of the industrial squalor of the Midlands, he commented: " To try to prise somebody out of it to what must really be the paradise of the north-east is heart-breaking." There may be more broken hearts before this problem is solved.

GEC orders 22 transformers

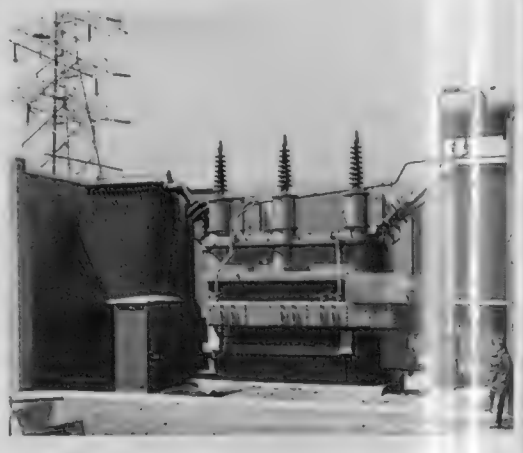
GEC (Engineering) Ltd. has recently announced its largest order for transformers ever received from the Central Electricity Generating Board. It is for 22 transformers to go into power stations all over the country; they will have a total capacity of 2,460 MVA, and the order will be worth more than £2 million to the Witton, Birmingham, works. The first ten are scheduled for delivery in 1965. The Witton works has also supplied two large transformers, with a maximum rating of 30 MVA, to the electricity department of the City and County of Belfast for use primarily to supply power to an industrial estate. Including ancillary equipment, this order was worth £87,000.

More Calthorpe Estate flats

Typical of one aspect of the transformation of the Calthorpe Estate, Birmingham, into a new Edgbaston is the way in which what was once a Garden Club in Wheeley's Road has been converted into a complete small estate of 26 houses and 11 two-storey flats. These, among the latest developments to be completed, bring the total of flats and houses now finished or under way to almost 900—roughly one-sixth of the total 5,500 envisaged at the end of the 40-year plan.

Automatic steelwork production

A drive to cut down handling time in the manufacture of constructional steelwork has led Rubery Owen and Co. Ltd., of Darlaston, to install a semi-automatic plant developed by British engineers to meet the need for individual tailoring of each member while preserving the cost benefits of automation. The plant, made at the Norwich works of Boulton and Paul Ltd., is a series of machines linked in a system controlled entirely by push-buttons. Sections are cut to length, drilled and passed to the output bench without any handling by crane. Four operators work the machines, and templates, jig-setting and marking-off have been eliminated. Higher efficiency and lower costs should mean advantages to be shared not only by Rubery Owen but by their customers as well.



One of the GEC transformers ordered by the CEGB for installation in power stations throughout the country

GOOD LIVING

by Ganymede

During the last month, as usually happens every year, many firms have issued their new wine lists, and among those which have reached me I found some of special interest. The wine merchant's list is also his visiting card. In fact, it is much more than that. A great deal of information and knowledge is to be gleaned from it. The list will show how wisely the merchant has gone about his buying and how accurately he has anticipated what his particular clients are likely to be interested in. It shows how much enterprise and imagination he has by the unusual and interesting new wines he has included, and his acumen by the inclusion of some rare and much sought after vintages of the famous names. Even such bread and butter lines as generic and commune wines are not the same in every case, but here the list alone will not tell us very much, for it all depends what will be found in the bottle under a particular label. It may be that one merchant's Médoc for example is several shillings cheaper than that of the other, but this is certainly not to be taken as evidence of being a better buy. So we come back to the old principle of trusting our own wine-merchant.

Two of the many lists before me are outstanding, for wholly different reasons. The first, that of Lyons Wine Cellars (Hop Exchange, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1) is remarkable for the many good bargains it contains. Mr Edward White who is in charge of these cellars is a very expert taster and buyer and a past master of that all-important craft, bottling. While he lists a number of Château bottled clarets, I would look for the best buys among those bottled in his own cellars. To pick out a few amazing bargains, he lists several classified growths, among them Château Kirwan 1955 and 1952 at 15s and 15s 6d respectively, Ch. Ducru-Beaucaillou 1957 at 16s, Château Montrose 1955 at 17s and, most amazing, Château Rausan Ségla 1955 at 17s 6d.

The other list I admire most is that of Asher Storey and Co. Ltd., for entirely different reasons. This firm specialises in the rare and lesser known wines of France and makes a tremendous success of it. Gerald Asher searches far and wide for them and every year his list becomes more interesting by the new additions he has found. He does more than that though, he introduces each wine with a miniature essay in his list, explaining their place of origin, history, and very nearly describing their taste and bouquet. These essays are so well written and display such profound knowledge, that even without the slightest intention of buying the wines described, one could not fail to enjoy Mr Asher's stories about them. While the previously mentioned Lyons Wine Cellars deal directly with the public, Asher Storey and Co. Ltd. is a firm of shippers, and normally don't. They are pleased to send their list to members of the public, however, and the name of their nearest stockist. (Their address is 127 Lower Thames Street, London, E.C.4.)

Women's pages for men

I can never understand why so many newspapers insist on publishing segregated women's pages, when today virtually no difference of basic interests exists, with the single possible exception of fashion. I am certain that many men find subjects such as travel, or wine and food just as interesting as women, and that the so-called women's pages have large numbers of male readers. I always find that the articles on food and the recipes published on the woman's page in *The Times* are of universal interest, and I am delighted to see that the recently published *The Times Cookery Book 1963*, which contains hundreds of recipes collated by Miss Mary Delane, the Woman's Page Editor, is not marked ladies only. It is not intended as a comprehensive cookery book, but a great collection of delectable dishes from many countries. Few cookery books have good indices, but this one is almost foolproof. The book is easy to use for reference, as the special binding makes it stay open anywhere. It is excellent value at 12s 6d.

COURTENAY EDWARDS

COLOURS OF THE CARS

It's always fascinating, after the London Motor Show, to study the surveys of car upholstery and colour trends prepared by the Leather Institute and Imperial Chemical Industries. Pastel shades are in the ascendancy this year, say the ICI paint experts. They are crisper, too, and range from cool blues to clean greys and a wealth of fresh creams and ivories.

"Gone are those old porridge colours," say ICI, "and in their place are well-formulated tints which enhanced the fine styling of so many of the cars at the Show." It seems that among the brighter colours aggressive reds dominate, while at the other end of the scale, deep red-blues and blue-greens "added a well-chosen dignity to quite a number of the larger cars."

There were fewer duo-tone colour schemes at this year's show, say ICI, with a definite trend away from matching upholstery materials. Their report comments: "Some of the contrasts between exterior paintwork and interior upholstery were striking, to say the least."

Of 36[illegible] Show cars inspected by the Leather Institute, 127—35 per cent.—had leather upholstery. Of the 220 British cars, 102 or 46 per cent. had leather. Of the foreign cars 25 had hide upholstery and in 19 cases the leather was of British origin. These included Alfa Romeo, Ferrari, Maserati, Lancia, Volvo, Citroen and Facel Vega models.

Tyre grip on wet roads

I was amazed to learn from a Dunlop friend during the Show that at 50 m.p.h. in moderate rain each of my car tyres has to clear nearly two gallons of water from the road *every second*!

Think what this means in terms of tread design, tread wear and proper inflation. "At 50 m.p.h.," said the Dunlop expert, "each element of the tread pattern grips the road for only 1/150th of a second. That is only 1/20th of the time it takes to blink!"

He went on: "The effective contact area between the average car tyre and the road is no bigger than the sole of a size nine shoe; and in the rain this area gets smaller as speed increases." My mentor went on: "When a tyre is running in the wet, a wedge of water builds up in front of it and tries to force its way underneath. The higher the speed, the farther it penetrates, so that with some tyres, especially bald ones, there can be a film of water under most of the contact patch.

"When that happens the tyre is no longer in effective contact with the road. It is 'aquaplaning,' and its grip is of the same order as the grip it would have on ice. So the tyre designer's job is to produce a tread pattern that will resist this water wedge and break through the film so that the tyre can grip the dry road."

I shall remember that when next I'm tempted to drive at 100 m.p.h. in the wet on M1 while testing a fast car!

Ford Corsair round the world

I went along to greet Eric Jackson and Ken Chambers when they got back to London after driving one of the new Ford Corsairs round the world in 43 days—with the help of a bit of flying—and was not surprised to find them with a high opinion of this 1½-litre family saloon. Ken Chambers, who runs a garage at Barnet, Herts, told me they struck amazingly few mechanical troubles and these were only of a minor nature. True, they had to replace a back axle, but that was because of damage when forced off the road in Iran by a lorry.

"Apart from that," he said, "the only things that prevented our keeping to the round-the-world-in-forty-days schedule were the Customs delays in India and cows wandering about the roads in that same country. We daren't run the risk of running into any of them because they are sacred in India and we really would have been delayed had we injured one of them." Using air transport to cross the oceans, Jackson (who comes from Barnsley) and Chambers went round the world by way of the US, Australia, India, Pakistan, Iran and Turkey. "Did you both keep fit all the time?" I asked, on being told that they shared the driving equally in alternate three-hour stints. "Perfectly fit," I was told. "We took the precaution, after leaving Australia, of eating only tinned food and drinking only water we brought from that country. We still have some left. It's in the car right now."

More of the motorways

When, in two weeks' time, the Minister of Transport opens 33 more miles of M6, the Birmingham-Preston motorway, it will complete a continuous stretch of 87 miles. This will make it Britain's longest strip of motor road. M1 will not then enjoy so much fame, though nothing can take from it the distinction of being Britain's first major stretch of motorway.

The latest 33 miles of M6 will speed traffic from Hanchurch in Staffordshire northwards to Lymm in North Cheshire. It will by-pass Newcastle-under-Lyme, Sandbach, Holmes Chapel and Knutsford. When the 11-mile-long Lancaster by-pass is linked to the Preston by-pass in 1965 by the 13-mile stretch now under construction, there will be 111 miles of uninterrupted motorway.

There is news, too, of progress with two motorways—M1 and M4—which will help to take motorists more quickly away from London's traffic congestion (though it is argued, too, that they will also exacerbate the Metropolitan paralysis by bringing more cars and lorries more quickly into central London). I refer to the M1 extension from Aldenham to Hendon; and the Chiswick-Langley section of the South Wales motorway.

Mr Ernest Marples has accepted a tender for £1,300,000 for the advance construction of seven of the bridges which will form part of the Aldenham-Hendon motorway. Four of them are major structures, including one over the main line railway near Scratchwood Tunnel and another under A41 near Apex Corner. A start on the actual road works for this 8½-mile extension is scheduled for next spring.

The Chiswick-Langley section of M4, we are told, should be open by 1965, along with the Slough and Maidenhead by-passes: a distance of 24 miles from the remodelled Chiswick flyover to Maidenhead Thicket. M4 will eventually provide a continuous motorway from London to South Wales via the Severn suspension bridge. The first section of the Chiswick-Langley stretch is being built as an overhead road or viaduct above the Great West Road. It will be about 26 ft. above the existing road, on average, will have dual carriageways and will be about 1¼ miles long.

Above: The Ford Corsair in which Eric Jackson and Ken Chambers "drove round the world," pictured in Pakistan, 5,887 miles from London

Left: William Swallow, Chairman and Managing Director of Vauxhall Motors Ltd., receives a gold medal awarded to the Vauxhall Cresta in the coachwork competition organised at the Motor Show by the Institute of British Carriage and Automobile Manufacturers. The Cresta came first in section for saloon cars between £725 and £825

TO THE SNOWFIELDS BY SYLVIE NICKELS

Racing with horse-drawn sleighs on a snow-covered track at Arosa, Graubünden, in Switzerland

The very sight of the first winter sports brochure of the season makes me feel dreadfully nostalgic. This is nothing to do with being a good skier (which I am not), because the special appeal of a winter sports holiday to the non-expert has really little to do with aptitude for sports at all. It has far more to do with glorious surroundings; the extra sparkle in the air at a time when Britain is mostly shrouded in grey; the exercise (in most cases, unaccustomed!); the satisfaction of achieving, with varying success, something one thought one couldn't do; and the fact that people on even a crowded ski slope are usually so very much nicer than they are on a crowded beach. Certainly a good many inhibitions go by the board. It isn't easy to remain dignified for long as you stumble about the nursery slopes while some diminutive child sweeps past with the assurance of an Olympic gold medal award winner.

Every year it seems impossible that the travel agents can think up anything new. But they do. This year, a high percentage of them are including various types of insurance in their inclusive prices. This is not pessimism but sheer common-sense, for everyone knows accidents do happen on the ski slopes and they can result in some surprising expenses away from the irritations and securities of the National Health Scheme. If insurance is not included, it can be arranged at very little cost.

Optional extras in the form of " packs " are another prominent feature this year, usually taking the form of equipment hire and/or ski instruction paid in advance, thus covering all major expenses before leaving the UK. Packaged tours, especially for the first-time skier, offer great advantages and the range is wide enough to ensure that you can be as organised or as independent as you wish. For the young and/or impecunious there are tours at amazingly low prices, but check what you are getting for your money, and that you need or want all you are paying for. If a tour is quoted as, say, *from* £30, it is logical to assume that this price refers to the low season and the cheapest accommodation and transport.

The low season means January (sometimes also the first days of February). The days, of course, are short and organised entertainment may be more limited, but this is offset by considerably lower prices both in hotels and on ski lifts, much less queueing for the latter, and more elbow room all round. It is also a popular month for holding many of the serious ski-ing events at main resorts. The Olympic Winter Games (January 29 to February 9) at Innsbruck dominate the calendar for the coming season. Most agents can arrange tickets, but it's advisable to book early—and make sure of accommodation at the same time.

Choosing the resort needs particular thought. If you are going very early or late in the season, choose one at not less than 5,000 feet, unless you are going to Scandinavia. For ski-touring, Scandinavia will serve you best. If you take ski-ing seriously, you will want to know more details on the direction of the slopes, the variety of runs, the availability of the sun on runs throughout the day and, of course, not only how many ski-lifts, cable cars, etc., there are, but how far and how high they go. Some agents' programmes enter into considerable details on these points. If, on the other hand, your interests are more in *après ski*, there is little use burying yourself in a village which may be gloriously unspoilt and whose ski-ing may be superlative, but where relaxation largely revolves round discussions on the day's technique.

For family ski-ing, the resort will need to cater for different age groups and probably for one or two non-skiers as well, for whom the entertainment provided by the nursery slopes will soon begin to pall. For a spectator holiday, a place such as St. Moritz is ideal (I have been there ski-less myself in winter), with its Cresta and bobsleigh runs, horse-racing, ski-jumping competitions, sleigh rides, ice-skating and innumerable *thé-dansants*. Other good centres are Arosa, Davos, Zermatt and Kitzbühel.

Your travel agent should be able to advise you on these points; if he can't, go to someone else. But I have yet to meet anyone disappointed by a first winter sports holiday.

Rounding a slalom post in Upper Bavaria, Germany

Snow as far as the eye can see near Stalheim Hotel, Norway

AUSTRIA. More eyes than ever will turn towards the Tyrol this winter, with the Olympic Games taking place at Innsbruck from January 29 to February 9. The resorts of the Tyrol in any case remain firmest favourites with most British agents. Facilities at Saalbach in the Kitzbühel Alps have increased enormously over the past three years, its assortment of lifts now totalling 23; it is also within reasonable excursion reach of Salzburg. Alpbach, Mayrhofen, Oberau and Lermoos are other suggestions, all in the Tyrol. Austria is still that fraction cheaper than most other places, its villages still a mite more rustic and picturesque.

FRANCE. New names now add themselves to such long-established favourites as Val d'Isère, Chamonix, Megève, La Clusaz, Les Contamines, Les Gets and Les Houches. Notable newcomer is Tignes, 'Europe's highest resort,' in the Savoy mountains, with 12 lifts in the locality and linked by ski-lifts and runs to Val d'Isère. In the Dauphiny Alps, Chamrousse, 19 miles from Grenoble, is another name to look out for, and farther south still, both Auron and Valberg, small resorts with good ski-ing facilities, lie within three hours' or less reach of Nice. Many places, including Chamonix and Megève are quoting very favourable all-in weekly rates, which cover full board and unlimited use of their fine networks of cableways and hoists.

GERMANY. British visitors to winter Germany are still surprisingly few and so are the organised tours to its ski-ing resorts. But there is magnificent scenery here, too, and excellent facilities in a string of Alpine centres close to the Austrian border. Garmisch-Partenkirchen is the largest and best known, at the foot of Germany's mightiest mountain, the Zugspitze, its heights now served by a new cable car in addition to the famous cog-wheel railway. The 29th Arlberg-Kandahar Ski Race will be held at Garmisch following the Innsbruck Olympic Games. Oberstdorf, with its cableway up the Nebelhorn, its new ski-lift (the longest and fastest in Germany) and ice stadium, is another recommendation; so are Füssen and Ruhpolding. In the much less known Harz Mountains, Braunlage offers good possibilities.

ITALY. The recent progress in popularity of Italian winter resorts is featured in more programmes than ever before. The Latin flair for enjoyment makes these centres perhaps the gayest of all; yet, on the whole, ski slopes are less crowded, and certainly the drama of the Dolomites scene round famous Cortina or Selva vies with anything the Alps can offer. Sauze d'Oulx is another place to note, overlooking the Susa valley 50 miles from Turin, especially good for beginners and medium skiers. Sestriere in the same area, with its futuristic architecture and well-planned network of mechanical aids, is another more sophisticated recommendation. Finally, for all the year ski-ing, there is Breuil Cervinia under the shadow of the Matterhorn.

NORWAY. The long, treeless slopes of the Norwegian mountain plateaux provide wonderful touring terrain where cross-country ski-ing, including dog-sleigh teams, is a characteristic feature. Finse is a popular starting point for touring holidays; Geilo, a little farther east along the Bergen-Oslo railway, remains top favourite as a centre for British visitors. Voss, with its new mechanical aids, is well worth considering this season and lies only two hours east of Bergen. Near Oslo, Lillehammer is the best known winter resort, but there are charming ski-ing hotels in the mountains of Telemark province, 'the cradle of ski-ing.' Boots should be hired or bought in Norway to go with the lighter Norwegian skis.

SWITZERLAND. There are few places where you can't ski in Switzerland, but the most star-studded areas, of course, are the Grisons in the east (St. Moritz, Davos, or smaller centres such as Sils, Silvaplana, Zuoz), the Bernese Oberland (Gstaad, Wengen, Mürren, Grindelwald) and the Valais (Verbier, Champéry, Saas Fee, Zermatt). Far less known are the Jura Mountains, whose gentler slopes are ideal for less experienced skiers and where resort life is much quieter. Pleasant centres in the region are Les Rasses or St. Cergue. The long tradition of the Swiss as hoteliers leaves the comforting assurance that accommodation. in whatever category, will be all it should.

Lesser known areas

FINLAND, just that little bit farther, has particularly good terrain for beginners and touring enthusiasts. The highest ground (up to about 4,000 ft.) lies among the fells in the north, in Lapland, where some unforgettable extra features include the Northern Lights and possible attendance at some of the reindeer roundups. Here Pallastunturi is recommended, with its comfortable tourist hotel perched in the heart of the fells; in southern Finland, Helsinki and Lahti are good centres with the added advantage of city entertainments.

LEBANON. Here, later in the season, winter sports and Mediterranean bathing can be perfectly combined on the same day. The Cedars, 2½ hours by car from Beirut, is the most famous of the Lebanese resorts (with two ski-lifts and one chair lift), but there are others, such as Laklouk, nearer Beirut. Arrangements can be made through Houlder Brothers.

YUGOSLAVIA. The mountains of Slovenia provide a splendid setting for a rather less sophisticated ski-ing holiday. World Sport and Travel have excellent all-in arrangements for Kranjska Gora starting at £40 18s with air travel to Venice, thence coach; ski hire and instruction are included on certain departures, and the centre's facilities consist of a chair lift in two sections and three ski tows in the area.

POLAND. All-in arrangements to Zakopane in the Polish Tatras come from specialists in travel to Poland, Fregata Travel. This major Polish ski-ing resort is well served with lifts and has its own ski school. A 15-day holiday (based on two persons) costs from 45 gns.

Other areas include **SWEDEN, CZECHOSLOVAKIA** (Giant and High Tatras Mountains), **SPAIN** and **ANDORRA, MOROCCO** (Atlas Mountains), all of which are served by Erna Low Travel Service.

AGENTS FOR WINTER SPORTS

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Cooks. As usual, Cooks cater for every age group and every pocket in their range of tours to over 100 resorts listed in their new 112-page winter sports brochure. Even non-skiers are not forgotten: for them, a 12-day sun-and-snow coach tour (49 gns) includes three nights in St. Cergue in the Swiss Jura, three in Interlaken (with excursions to Mürren and Grindelwald), and one each in Berne and Chaumont, above Neuchâtel.

All-in ski-ing holidays with your own car are also prominently featured, with destinations Davos, Gstaad, Cortina and Kitzbühel, and choice of travel by the short sea or air crossings, or by air to Basle or Geneva and the very threshold of the winter sports fields. Two well-established favourites will again take place: the ski initiation parties at Kandersteg, and the juvenile party at Leysin over Christmas and New Year. New Cooks centres include the Diablerets above the Rhone Valley, Bagnères de Luchon in the Pyrenees, and the quiet, little-known Gortipohl in the Montafon valley, Austria.

Lunn's. Fifteen-day 'Introductory Party' arrangements for beginners are based in five centres: Westendorf, Seefeld and Partenen in Austria and Engelberg and Grachen in Switzerland. Their extremely low cost includes choice of travel by chartered 'Snow-Flight,' scheduled flight or surface routes, six full or half days' instruction, hire of equipment, and accommodation usually in a comfortable, family-type hotel. Area maps of many of the resorts give a comprehensive picture of local ski-ing facilities, while other details include slope direction, a useful pointer to the time and availability of the sun. Lunn's centres for all-in 'Sun and Snow' and other, more independent holidays are scattered throughout Austria, Norway, Switzerland, Italy and Germany.

World Sport and Travel Service. These specialists in sporting holidays offer their usual wide range of suggestions, with a special emphasis this year on the fine facilities and gay atmosphere of the, as yet, less known (to the British) resorts of Italy. Excellent arrangements for a 15-day holiday to Cortina, for example, range from £55 8s in January, £60 15s in February, with travel by air to Venice. Optional extras provide unlimited use of all lifts and cableways for 14 days (£12 15s) and/or hire of skis and sticks and four hours' instruction for six days (£8 1s to £9 7s according to period). Top bargain are the 15-day budget parties to Selva, one of the best equipped resorts in the Dolomites, ranging from £40 18s (in January), with air travel. Excellent feature of World Sport's brochure is the Mechanical Aids table, listing ski-lifts, cableways, etc. for each resort, and the cost of their use. This agency runs the London Winter Sports Centre.

Inghams. This organisation has been in the winter sports business for 30 years. They have equally long been specialists in Austria (though centres in Switzerland, Italy and Norway are also featured), where new resorts include Mühlbach and Dienten, both off-the-beaten-track favourites with Austrian skiers in Salzburg province. Many old and new favourites are in the programme, too, among them one of my own, the high-altitude (6,400-8,400 ft.) resort of Obergurgl, which I chose with the aid of a pin many years ago! Inghams' Snosports Special train, with couchettes, bar and all-night dancing, will appeal greatly to the young and/or energetic and brings all-in arrangements down to rockbottom prices, which include accident and illness insurance. You also, of course, have the choice of flying out by chartered or scheduled flights.

Above: On top of the world at the Val d'Isère, at 6,037 ft. **Right:** A quick way to the top, by télésiège, from the Refuge aux Cèdres, Bierut, Lebanon

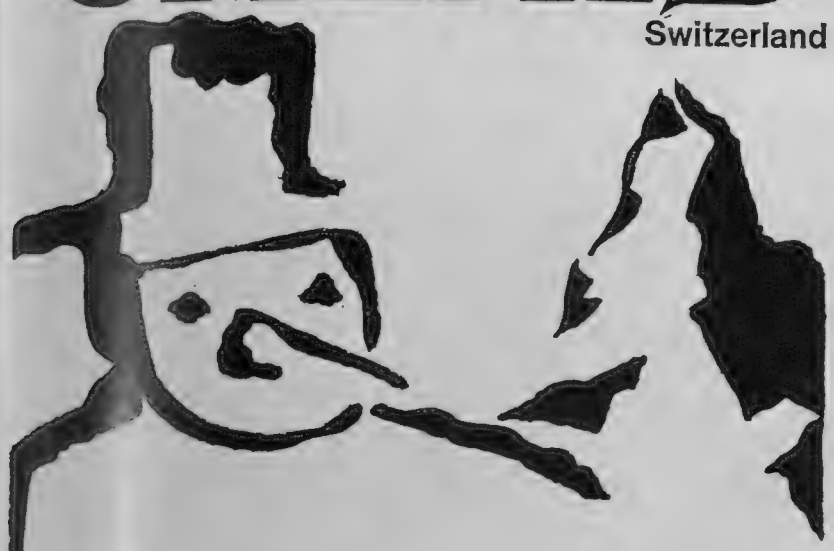
Wayfarers. Long-practised in the art of winter sports organisation (including for the Army Ski Association and the British Army of the Rhine), Wayfarers offer ski-ing holidays in Austria, Norway, Italy, Switzerland, France, and for young people a Christmas and/or New Year tour to Zermatt under expert supervision. All holidays, except for Norway, include insurance, while the agency's special reduction cards issued to each client reduce some of the optional extras at many resorts. Tickets for the Olympic Games at Innsbruck (January 29-February 9, 1964) are available and—equally important—the accommodation to go with them!

Erna Low Travel Service. This versatile agency's programme is always good for some new ideas, and this year's 148-page booklet is no exception. Especially good and varied arrangements exist for young people, divided into appropriate

Continued on page 206

VALAIS

Switzerland



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WINTER SPORTING AGENTS

continued from page 204

206 age groups (students, teenagers, children and young teenagers), the members carefully selected to provide a congenial group. Holidays for adults range from party and free-lance arrangements to made-to-measure holidays to suit individual requirements, all including comprehensive insurance cover. A Skier's Facilities Card costing 17s 6d entitles the holder to ten dry ski lessons before departure and certain reductions on purchases of clothing and equipment, etc.

Ski Plan. Holidays in Austria, Switzerland and Italy feature in the programme of this company who specialise exclusively in winter sports. On party holidays, prices seem very favourable indeed: a 15-day holiday to St. Johann (Tyrol), for example, starts at £47 15s with surface travel, couchette and meals, or £53 10s by air, both prices covering ski-school and ski hire charges, ten tickets on the first section of the funicular and lodging in a Tyrolean inn.

Poly. New to this year's Poly programme are the primary, extension and proficiency party holidays for first, second and third year skiers respectively, using resorts in Austria and Switzerland. All-in prices for party holidays seem to cover nearly all eventualities, even down to afternoon tea in the case of the primary party holidays, with choice of travel by Snowsun Express, chartered by Poly flights, or scheduled air services. In other cases, an optional extra 'Poly-Pack' covers cost of equipment hire and membership of ski school. The price of this varies according to resort, but at Mürren in the Bernese Oberland with one of the most glorious Alpine vistas anywhere in Europe, it is only £7 11s.

Travel Counsellors. British agents for the popular Club Mediterranée summer holiday villages also handle their lively winter sports arrangements. Accommodation is comfortable rather than luxurious, the atmosphere friendly, and inclusive prices really are inclusive—which means free wines with meals, free use of all mechanical aids at the resort and your evening entertainment, as well as insurance, ski instruction (not hire of equipment), etc. Club centres are at Engelberg, Leysin and St. Moritz in Switzerland, Serre Chevalier, Tignes and Val d'Isère in France. For those who like meeting people from other countries, this is one series of holidays where the British will be very, very much in the minority.

Murison Small. Chalet ski-ing parties designed for the young (17-35 years) and gay-minded are based at five resorts in Switzerland, including Zermatt and Verbier, two in France (Courchevel, Val d'Isère), and one in Italy, (Sauze d'Oulx). All-in prices are mostly in the 50-55 gns range for two weeks, with chartered air travel to Geneva (mostly by day) and unlimited use of ski-lifts. The programme —published under the name of *Witch!*— amusingly 'takes the lid off' winter sports, and produces some helpful ideas.

Swans. A wide range of suggestions in Austria, France, Norway and Switzerland also includes an unusual one at Malbun in Liechtenstein (15 days from £42, with rail travel, excluding ski instruction and hire of equipment) away from it all, but within easy reach of many Swiss and Austrian resorts. A special Swanway Ski Party to Zirl in the heart of the Winter Olympics territory provides special facilities for visiting new snowfields by coach every day. The cost of £60 14s (15 days, rail travel) covers ski instruction and equipment hire.

Bergen Line, Fred Olsen Line. Long-established arrangements by two Norwegian shipping companies, with Bergen Line concentrating on Bergen and western Norway, and Fred Olsen on Oslo and the east. Bergen Line's ski touring (for skiers of varying experience) and dog-sleigh tours have long been popular and are an ideal and unusual way of seeing the immense landscapes of Norway in winter. Another suggestion is Voss, two hours by rail east of Bergen, with its new cable railway, and a chair lift under construction, now providing good conditions from Christmas to the end of April, as well as skating, tobogganing and curling. Gala week in Voss next year is from February 8-16. Special house parties (leaving January 25 and March 28) at the lovely traditional-style hotel of Bolkesjo in Telemark province are offered by Fred Olsen from £44 9s for 14 days, with three hours' instruction, excursions and evening entertainment.

German Travel Bureau. Winter sports resorts in Germany, as yet, feature in only a few agents' brochures. This specialist organisation offers all-in arrangements to six centres, including popular Garmisch-Partenkirchen and Berchtesgaden.

Top: Ski slopes at the foot of Lermoos in Austria **Above:** The skating rink at Cortina d'Ampesso, Italy

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* Ask at any office of Cooks, Dean & Dawson, Pickfords, or appointed booking agents for our new 112-page 'WINTER SPORTS' programme of useful information and details of holidays in Switzerland, Austria, Norway, Italy, France, and Scotland; or write to: **Thos. Cook & Son Ltd., Dept. H/1/LY Berkeley Street, London, W.1.**

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THE CAIRNGORM SLOPES

Ski-ing in the Cairngorm Mountains has been made easier by the construction of approach roads and a chair lift

208 Winter sports in Scotland are now well established with four main ski-ing centres, at Strathspey and Badenoch on the northern slopes of the Cairngorm Mountains, Glenshee on the southern slopes, Deeside, and Glencoe. Their great and growing success over the past few years has not only been due to winters with good snow but also to the fact that chair-lifts and ski-tows have been installed and thus have assured easy access to those higher terrains where there is more assurance of good ski-ing. For example, not so long ago a keen skier would drive to Glenmore Lodge and then have to tramp three and a half miles before he reached the snow but, today, the new access road takes him to a car park just a quarter-of-a-mile or ten minutes' walk to the bottom of the chair-lift which takes him up 500 ft. below the summit, and offers him the choice of three good pistes with a maximum descent of about 1,200 ft. Again, instead of having to toil up the mountain to Meall a Buhiridh from the road through Glencoe near King's House Hotel, a chair-lift takes you up in no time at all.

Last season, hundreds upon hundreds of skiers were to be seen on the slopes of Cairngorm from December to May, weekend after weekend, and the hotels all around were packed through the Easter period. Most of them came from Glasgow and Edinburgh, but an increasing number, particularly families, are coming from southern England and staying for a week and longer. As a result, hotels in Grantown, Carrbridge, Aviemore, Boat of Garten and Nethybridge have enjoyed a greatly extended season and have therefore been able to improve their amenities considerably, providing joint ski-schools, transport to the ski runs, drying rooms, and better facilities for evening entertainment. One hotel, the King's House at Glencoe, has undergone a complete transformation since the nearby chair-lift was installed. Once a drab Highland inn, it is now a very comfortable and most modern little hotel, with a wonderful view from its lounge windows in which the Shepherd of Etive, that lovely cone-shaped mountain, has been framed.

It has to be appreciated that with the exception of Glencoe, hotels and their ski-schools are situated some miles from the ski runs. Many people take their cars but those without can use the regular coach services which have been organised. Grantown has a Scottish-Norwegian ski-school run by the various hotels with qualified Norwegian instructors authorised to award Norwegian ski badges. At Carrbridge there's an Austrian ski-school and at Aviemore a ski-school d'ecosse directed by a member of the Swiss Ski-School Association. Other schools are to be found at Kingussie, Nethybridge and Boat of Garten.

The Glenshee ski-school operates from the Spital Hotel, the Blairgowrie Sports Centre and Ski-School from Blairgowrie and another school d'ecosse with offices in Ballater and Braemar. Ski-ing instruction is also organised in Glencoe by the various hotels in the neighbourhood.

A complete guide to winter sports in Scotland for the coming season can be obtained from the Scottish Tourist Board, 2, Rutland Place, West End, Edinburgh, 1. Costs of hotels, ski instruction and transport are given.

Another country not usually associated with winter sports is Spain, which can offer good ski-ing at several well-organised centres. La Molina, 4,300 ft. up in the Catalan Pyrenees, has four ski-lifts, with descents of over 2,000 ft., a ski-jump and an open-air skating rink. Nuria, again in the north, is 6,400 ft. up with a funicular and two ski-lifts and a wide choice of pistes. The Navacerrada School, 6,000 ft. up, lies 45 miles north of Madrid. There is one ski-lift, three excellent runs and a ski-jump. Other winter sports centres in Spain are of course the Sierra Nevada, Candanchu, Sierra de Gredos and Comprondon.

Who would think that you could also ski in Portugal? It is becoming increasingly popular there; on the slopes of the Sierra da Estrela in the north of the country; the textile town of Covilha being a convenient base. **W.D.C.C.**

BEFORE YOU GO

All the essential items of clothing and equipment for winter sports can be bought or hired in this country, though skis and/or boots obtained abroad avoid the problem of transport. It is impossible to stress too much the importance of well-fitting boots, whether you are hiring or buying; a reliable shop with expert staff is your best adviser. If you are visiting Scandinavia, it is better to get the boots on the spot. The reason for this is that the heavier Alpine type are often unsuitable for the Scandinavian ski which is lighter than the Swiss type.

On two small items, however, my own views run contrary to some of the experts'. First, though mittens are often recommended, I find "fingered" woollen gloves give more control over ski sticks and do not need to be discarded so often for such activities as removing or adjusting skis or merely lighting a cigarette. Mittens can always be worn on top of the gloves for longer expeditions or if it is particularly cold. Secondly, I far prefer unbreakable sunglasses to goggles, which I find horribly restricting and, especially on the nursery slopes, rather ostentatious. Finally, some form of protective cream for the skin is necessary: the heat from the combination of sun and reflecting snow can be very fierce indeed.

Getting unused muscles into trim is highly recommended. The Central Council of Physical Recreation, in co-operation with the Ski Club of Great Britain, have dry-ski training courses in 50 centres or more throughout the UK. In addition, a number of travel agents and winter sports equipment shops offer pre-ski training facilities under expert supervision, some of them (Lillywhites, Pindisports, Simpson's) also with artificial ski slopes in London for which the Ski Club have now devised a simple test. Moss Brothers also have a smaller slope; outside London, there is one at Torquay and another in Preston. Alternatively, you can do-it-yourself at home with the help of the Ski Club's excellent booklet, *Pre-Ski Exercises* (3s 6d). This season, incidentally, the first full year of membership of the Ski Club includes a free pre-ski training course.

Two new booklets of general winter sports travel interest are BEA's *Alpine Winter Resorts*, containing a considerable fund of information on prices, resorts, facilities, etc. for Austria, France, Switzerland and Italy; and *British Railways and Winter Sports*, giving departure times and length of journey from London to main ski-ing areas. Both are free.

Recommended winter sports shops

*Lillywhites, Piccadilly Circus, London, S.W.1.
*Simpson, Piccadilly, W.1.
*Moss Brothers, Covent Garden, W.C.2.
Harrod's, Knightsbridge, S.W.3.
*Camtors, Jackson and Warr, 33 Ludgate Hill, E.C.4.
Benjamin Edgington, 144 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.
*Pindisports, 14-18 Holborn, E.C.1.
*Gordon Lowes Ltd., 21-23 Brompton Arcade, Knightsbridge, S.W.3.
**Offering pre-ski training facilities.*

Travel and ski-ing organisations

BEA, Dorland Hall, Lower Regent Street, S.W.1.
Bergen Line, 21-24 Cockspur Street, S.W.1.
British Railways Continental Enquiry Office, Southern Region, Victoria Station, S.W.1.
*Central Council of Physical Recreation, 6 Bedford Square, W.C.1.
Thomas Cook and Son, 40 Berkeley Street, W.1.
Finlandia Travel Agency, 2 Norris Street, S.W.1.
Fregata Travel Ltd., 122 Wardour Street, W.1.
German Travel Bureau, 67 Grosvenor Street, W.1.
Houlder Brothers, 53 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3.
Inghams Travel, 26 Old Bond Street, W.1.
*Erna Low Travel Service, 47 Old Brompton Road, S.W.7.
Fred Olsen Line, 33-34 Bury Street, E.C.3.
Sir Henry Lunn, 36 Edgware Road, W.2.
Poly Travel, 40 Edgware Road, W.2.
*Ski Club of Great Britain, 118 Eaton Square, S.W.1.
*Ski Plan, 80 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W.1.
Murison Small, 25 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1.
Swans, 260-261 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.
Travel Counsellors, 139 Kensington High Street, W.8.
Wayfarers Travel Agency, 20 Russell Square, W.C.1.
*World Sport and Travel Service, 198-199 Sloane Street, S.W.1.
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